Jno M Shenk

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

A FAMILY WEEKLY PERIODICAL---Devoted to Literature, Science, Mechanics, Foreign and Domestic News, Agriculture, Education, Finance, Amusements, &c.---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

PUBLISHED BY WM. M. SWAIN & CO., LEDGER BUILDINGS, S. W. CORNER OF THIRD AND CHESNUT STREETS---$1 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XX. PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1862. NO. 44.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

MY WIFE.

BY W. G. STEWART.

Seek a good wife of thy God, she is the best gift of His providence.—*Tupper.*

There's a girlish form somewhere,
That taketh her place alone,
For the joys of the gay there is not a care
To cause in the breast a moan;
But sadly, oh sadly, she ponders by day
Of the country's crimson strife;
Of him she sent with a blessing away
For three long years, perhaps for aye—
The girlish form is my wife!

There's a sweet blue eye somewhere,
That erst beamed bright with smiles,
But now full oft dimming tears stand there,
And sighs are in hearing the whiles;
The words in the paper can scarce be read,
Yet all too plain is the line—
Of "Missing," and "Mortally Wounded," and "Dead,"
The heart is so fearful that low droops the head
Of the dear little wife that is mine!

There's a pretty hand somewhere,
An ever busy thing,
That scorns not labor, though lily fair,
And decked with a wedding ring;
Involuntarily it often pries
Through a chest, in which, wrapped with care,
A suit familiar to the eyes,
Awaiting its owner's claiming, lies—
It's my wife's pretty hand that is there!

There's dapper feet somewhere
A lingering weary round,
They are missing twice as large a pair
Whose steps were welcome sound;
They wander slowly forth at night
With many, yet alone,
Turn to the left, and then the right,
But nothing grateful meets the sight
Of the little wife—my own!

There's a cherry lip somewhere
That never with anger spoke,
It always made music on the air
Whenever the soft voice broke;
There is one its gentleness can but miss,
With the rough ones in hard camp life,
And he feels how great would be the bliss
Again to imprint a burning kiss
On the red lip of that young wife!

There's a patient heart somewhere
That murmurs not at its fate,
Though all day long the vacant chair
Reminds of an absent mate;
It prays and waits for a time to come
When war from these shores shall depart,
When full-armed men no more shall roam,
But soldiers discharged may haste to their home—
'Tis my wife's—this prayerful heart!

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

OUR FLAG.

BY M. L. HOFFORD.

Our flag is unfurled to the breeze,
By freemen it must be defended,
'Till victories shall guarantee peace,
And the carnage of battle be ended.
Then gird on your armor as men,
And rush to the field of the brave;
The call upon patriots is never in vain,
Their homes and their country to save.

Our flag is unfurled to the breeze!
From mountain, hill, prairie and valley,
Accessions of thousands increase,
Around the old banner to rally.
They gird on their armor as men,
And rush to the fietd of the brave;
The call upon patriots is never in vain
Their homes and their country to save.

Our flag is unfurled to the breeze,
The emblem of all that we cherish!
We'll follow it conquering peace,
Or nobly defending it perish.
Then gird on your armor again,
And rush to the field of the brave;
The call upon patriots is never in vain
Their homes and their country to save.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

THE SKELETON IN THE HOUSE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILA.]

BY SYDNEY HOLMAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE EBONY CASKET," "UNSERHEIM," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE GAME FOR LIFE.

"Check!" cried the doctor.

The clergyman, who stood by the fire, came forward and leaned over the players.

"Beaten, Cadogan?" he exclaimed, impatiently, tapping the young man on the shoulder. "Sacrificed your game through the sheerest carelessness!"

"Check, and mate!" again cried the doctor, throwing himself back complacently in his chair, while a smile of good-humored malice curled his bald forehead. His antagonist laughed carelessly, with an amused glance at the grumbling spectator.

"How can you expect a man to have his brain at work on a chess-board the night before his wedding?" and he glanced with blushing frankness across the room, where two female figures were dimly shown by the red fire-light. One of them rose and came towards him. A slight, pale girl, with a singularly quiet, firm step. She came to the side of Mr. Thorpe, the clergyman, and stood looking down at the chess-board, unconscious of the keen, scrutinizing glance he fixed upon her face.

"You have been careless," she said, looking up at the young man, after a moment's survey of the mimic battle.

"Can you wonder, Sarah?" he asked, in a reproachful whisper.

"John Cadogan plays well," grumbled Mr. Thorpe. "I taught him myself. But to-night his head is full of folly about the gates of bliss ajar for him to-morrow, and his eye was cloudy."

As he spoke, he never lifted the penetrating glance from her face.

"Your eyes, Miss Alt, are clearer, I fancy." She did not hear him. She was reading some hidden meaning in the checkered board.

The doctor took Mr. Thorpe's arm and sauntered with him across the room.

"John Cadogan's a fool," growled the old man again. "As pretty a gambit as ever I saw spoiled by a glance at that cold-blooded bride of his. He should have won the game in eight moves."

"Cold-blooded!" said the doctor, answering but one word. "Sarah Alt! Why, it is a love match there, surely?"

Mr. Thorpe laughed, not a good-natured laugh.

"As much as any out of romances, I doubt not. As much as yours or mine were, for instance, I presume."

The doctor's eye lit angrily, and his jovial face grew a trifle paler.

"I know nothing of your married life," he said, in a lower voice. "Mine ended years ago. It is a subject upon which I will not bear with even a passing sneer—not even from you, Mr. Thorpe. When you buried my poor Jane, you knew that the earth closed upon as true-hearted a woman as ever was done to death by the hot-blooded vagaries of a drunken husband. But God knew how I loved her always, for all that. And she knows it now, too."

The clergyman did not reply, only looked stealthily down at the flushed face of the man who walked beside him until his own cold, rigidly-cut features softened in their meaning. They paced the floor without speaking for some moments. The silence was broken by the doctor, in a tone intentionally careless, as if to apologize for the excitement into which he had been led.

"Like most men, Mr. Thorpe, I perceive you hold the romantic fancy of love on a par with the illusions of the days when you read the Arabian Nights or the Corsair."

The clergyman did not directly answer the platitude, only waved his hand shortly, with an impatient growl, and subsided again into silence.

"John, at least," the doctor said, as if thinking aloud, glancing at the sharply-defined figures of the lovers, standing by the fire. "John Cadogan has not discovered the illusion. It is to him a most living verity."

Mr. Thorpe turned his keen eyes towards Cadogan.

"You are right," he said, "John is completely blinded."

"Blinded?" said the doctor, impatiently. "And if he is? Sarah Alt is a pretty girl, a good girl. If he fancies her an angel, he has better ground than most lovers for his fancy."

"It is not that," replied Mr. Thorpe, in a serious tone. "When John poured forth his rhapsody in her praise yesterday, during the entire day's ride, (he brought me over from Hurlsworth,) I only laughed; but to-day, when I see that he reads love for himself in that face, I am more angry at his stupidity than the matter is worth."

The doctor was annoyed, he rubbed his red, shining forehead hastily, and said, in a sharp, quick tone:

"Begging pardon of your cloth, Sir, I could almost swear. Because John Cadogan was once your pupil, and a favorite, because he has some few paltry acres, and chooses to marry a poor girl with twice his sense, you must needs suspect her of mercenary motives. Look!" he said, abruptly stopping in his walk. "I do not pretend to sagacity in reading character, as you do—nor to any superhuman keenness—but look at that girl's face. Is there one mean, sordid line in it?"

"I do look. It is precisely because of what I read in those two faces that I am vexed, that I prophecy misery to both, that I feel as if God's curse instead of God's blessing should come from my lips to-morrow morning when I pronounce them man and wife."

The doctor looked bewildered.

"You are mysterious," he said, at length. "For my part, I see in John Cadogan's face good looks enough to win any woman's fancy. Quite a romantic face, in fact; black hair and eyes, a good-tempered mouth, well-cut features. A manly, open face; a stalwart frame. Handsomer than hers, for that matter, though I repeat even your sharp eyes cannot find one trace of meanness in those delicate, pure features."

"No," said the clergyman, abstractedly, "you are right. She is not marrying him for money."

"For what, then?"

Mr. Thorpe shook his head doubtfully, and moved across the room to the corner where Mrs. Alt, the girl's mother, sat sewing by the light of a shaded lamp. The doctor followed him. The voices of both men softened in tone as they drew near the widow's small, bent figure, and looked at the meek face upturned to meet them with a hesitating smile. The clergyman did not speak to her, however. During the one day he had spent in the house, he had conceived a salutary horror of the poor lady's power of unceasing conversation—which, in her weak, timid way, was as constant a soliloquy as that of Me. de Stael. He drew back into the corner behind her and seated himself by the window, a mute, observant spectator of the scene. The room was large and well-lighted. His keen eye noted the successful effort to conceal every appearance of poverty by neatness and good taste—the skilfully-darned carpet, the polished but sparse furniture, the walls covered with paper of low price yet delicate in color and design. The dress of the widow and her daughter told the same story of cheapest texture, but softest, most graceful hue, harmonizing with the plainly-braided hair and low, quiet voice and step. He looked out of the window. It was an October night. The full, brilliant moonlight lay heavily upon the broad slope before the house and the massive forests that encircled it. Nor did the disparity in the house and its furniture fail to strike his calculating wonder. It was a large house, the most expensive in the village—lonely, removed from all others by at least a mile's distance, unsuited in every way, it occurred to him, for the small family and limited means of the widow. Something in the beauty of its situation and its picturesque design banished these more practical ideas, and, rising, he opened the window and stepped out upon the lawn. The air was cold, Mr. Thorpe walked somewhat briskly up and down before the house. It was an old building, of stone, unhewn, and covered with the crimson wood ivy, that clung in great patches to the gray front, looking black in the moonlight. The house had been built by Bradford, among the first erected in Western Pennsylvania. The village of Orth, within whose boundary it stood, was one of those quaint-finished old towns to be found here and there among the mountains—where the air is colder, the vegetation slower, life more stagnant than in the valley.

Mr. Thorpe was not long allowed to indulge in his solitude; the doctor followed him, and again rejoined him in his walk. The two men, as they paced up and down in the moonlight, presented the strongest contrast. Mr. Thorpe stalked on like a black, gaunt shadow beside the burly ill-moulded frame of the doctor. Nor did the carving of their faces differ less widely. The pale, livid complexion of the clergyman was the work of years of hardship and of study, that of his companion bore the faint red tinge of early dissipation—conquered, banished now it might be, yet having left its sign manual. The inflexible hard lines upon the face of the man of God told of strong prejudices and stronger will—told that his pity was the gift of grace and not of nature. A stern face, though a just one, the face which would have awarded Shylock his lawful pound of flesh, but from which a beggar would have turned away in silence; yet in these same stern features there was a certain trace of weakness, an incompleteness, a self-consciousness, a self-pride that in weaker men would have been vanity of himself and his own to the outermost limit of his possessions. A lurking trait that crept to the light in one way more than all others, an insatiable desire to talk, to justify his own estimate of his own sagacity. In the face of the other, reigned only a genial good-nature, hardened by a plain, strong practical sense. A man whom instinct would teach us to avoid on a long rainy day as the most wearisome of bores, but to whose great bronzed hand the head of the sufferer would bend, confident of the gentlest of touches. It was he who first spoke:

"Why do you take so much interest in this love affair of John Cadogan's?"

Mr. Thorpe answered, gruffly:

"Partly because he was, as you called him, a favorite pupil of mine, partly because I cannot understand it."

"You do not know the Alt family?"

"No; I was about to ask for information respecting them. Beyond Cadogan's naturally varnished account I know nothing."

"And I can tell you but little, that is of their history. The widow Alt belonged to an old family resident in Orth since the foundation of the colonies—the Gaunts. All are dead excepting herself and her nephew, Robert. Mrs. Alt was married young. I do not remember her at that time. She left Orth, and, I believe, the States, and never returned here until she came a widow, with her children, some five years ago. Their life here has been entirely secluded, so much so that I can tell you but little more of them than you have seen for yourself to-day."

"And this marriage?"

"Has been under negotiation, if I may use the expression, for a year—postponed, for several reasons, four or five times."

"At the request of the bride?"

"Yes," the doctor admitted, hesitatingly.

"I thought as much."

There was a pause of a few moments.

"To tell the truth," said the doctor, hastily, "she wishes it deferred again. They were arguing the question, as I left the room, with some heat."

Mr. Thorpe turned suddenly and walked towards the house. As they entered the room, they caught the last words of a long harangue of Mrs. Alt, in her gentle monotonous voice. Her daughter was half kneeling before her while she adjusted a lace cape about her neck.

"Then, Sarah, a little more work on the roses, (I can do it easily to-night,) and it will be perfect—equal to the point lace in which I was married—at a little distance. I mean, of course. Look, Mr. Cadogan, at the effect—as for what Sarah says, that is folly, of course. After the invitations are given, and Mr. Thorpe is here—bend your head, dear—two months I have been at work every night on this for you, child, you will keep it as my work, will you not?"

The young girl stopped her mother's words with an impetuous kiss, then, suddenly rising, walked to the mirror and adjusted the cape, with a childlike smile breaking over her lips, and a bright tear in the tender, pitiful look with which she watched her mother's delighted fingers arranging the delicate gauze. Yet the keen, black eyes of the clergyman saw that the hands of the girl trembled violently, and there was a wild terror in her face that told of other thoughts than the finished bridal gift.

"It is just the pattern of my own that I wore at my wedding, thirty-two years ago, Sarah, dear," and the pale little face of the widow was upturned to her daughter's with a fond, admiring gaze. Sarah did not answer, only smoothed the cape over her shoulders, as if in childish admiration, at the sight of which her mother's eyes filled with tears.

"Is the question settled, then?" said John Cadogan, abruptly.

He had been standing with his head bowed, looking, with flushed, angry face, in the fire. Sarah Alt raised her face suddenly, and looked at him. Her mother put her hand upon his arm and said, in her cooing tone:

"Settled? Yes, John—Sarah surely did but jest, to ask that the wedding again be postponed. It is impossible. She is a wilful, restless child."

"Mother!" No sharp cry of pain could have touched the air with so acute a stab as that whispered, reproachful word. Mrs. Alt started, and looked at her daughter, but in an instant the passing emotion, whatever it might be, was gone, and the young girl's face had again assumed the calm set smile.

"I only ask," she said, turning to Mr. Thorpe, smilingly, "for two weeks longer—to be free."

"Respite?" he said, sternly.

Her gray eyes flashed, suddenly, dangerously. They met those of the clergyman in fierce defiance. For an instant she was silent, as if questioning how deep his knowledge of her secret motives might penetrate. Then, in the same quiet, measured tone, she repeated:

"Respite, if you will."

"I comprehend you, Miss Alt," said Mr. Thorpe, in the tone of cold politeness she had used, though his lip curved with an ironical smile. "Your disinclination to fulfil your contract of marriage to-morrow arises simply from a girlish whim, the caprice of a coy maiden. There is no hidden wish that, in the fortnight, there might arise some impassable barrier to the union—you do not pray for this reprieve with the concealed frantic energy of a malefactor awaiting his death. Nothing but a whim, is it, my child?"

She looked at him steadily—she did not, by a bow or faintest smile, accept of the falsehood he tendered her to use. No shadow of a lie dimmed the clear light of her cold eye.

"This is worse than folly," exclaimed John Cadogan. "I am not a child, Sarah; even for this hand," taking up the pure, delicate hand that rested on the table, and then dashing it impatiently aside; "not for this hand will I submit longer to this caprice."

She smiled, a strange, quiet smile—strange for its unutterable bitterness.

"Caprice!" she repeated to herself. For a few moments there was a pause—she broke it in a tone of eager entreaty. "You will not be angry with me, John? God knows, who looks into my heart at this moment, whether I am influenced by an unworthy motive, or by childish wilfulness. You will yield to me, John Cadogan, I am sure of that. You will defer this wedding again—you will believe me that it is for your good as well as my own."

The young man hesitated.

"I do not understand, Sarah," he said, in weak indecision. "I do not wish to be wilfully harsh; yet I can scarcely forgive this unreasoning tyranny. No, I will not yield."

Her face flushed, "Let us leave it, then, to some other means of decision," she replied, with a reckless laugh. "To chance. Or, no—you play well?" she suddenly questioned, taking up one of the carved ivory kings from among the chess-men. "Let us leave it to this—a game, to decide which shall yield. If you win, I will give not only myself to you to-morrow, but my perfect obedience, for all earthly time. If the game is mine, I have only won two weeks more freedom." She seated herself at the chess-board. "Will you play?" she said, looking up.

"And if I do not?—Are you not mine still?"

A fierce terror, like that of a stag at bay, who faces his pursuers before he receives the death wound, flashed into her face.

"Play, Cadogan, for God's sake," said the doctor, forcing him into the seat. "It is unmanly to deny so simple a request."

"Play, John," said the widow, tremulously. "Perhaps, after all, it would be better if she should win."

The young man took the seat, and, while she arranged the pieces on the board, sat with his eyes covered by his hand. Mr. Thorpe and the doctor drew forward their chairs to watch the progress of the game.

The widow, in answer to a whispered summons from an old domestic, left the room. A deep silence reigned, broken only by the fitful crackling of the wood upon the hearth, which cast a red, changeful glare upon the figures.

The young girl quietly placed the men; there was an air of quick decision, of confidence in her manner, that foreboded success. She raised her eyes, and motioned for him to commence. In the darkest recess of the room, there was a picture of the repentant Magdalen, on which a chance ray of light rested, giving it a startling air of life; she looked at it, for her glance wandered with an uncertain wildness over every trifling object in the apartment. What was there in a pictured face, kindled through all its sorrow and humiliation into a pathos of prayer, that fixed her gaze? Was it that she trusted in the aid of her, who, deeply tempted, had risen from her fall, to help her in this her hour of sorest need? She looked in silence—her lips moved as if in prayer. There was a flushing color in her cheek, a hopeful lighting of her eye, and then she turned to the game.

Mr. Thorpe again leaned eagerly forward, watching intently first the board and then the faces of the players. Cadogan played slowly. His face was flushed with anger, his brow knit, his lips compressed—he glanced stealthily sometimes at the face of the young girl, in doubt and suspicion. She did not return the look. Some more powerful motive than any thought of her betrothed husband seemed to control her. Her thin fingers were nervously clasped, resting on the table, unlocked with eager haste to make a move or to push back the hair from her forehead, and then clenched again, as if the pressure could still some fierce passion within. No trace of emotion rose to her face save a livid whiteness around her lips, and now and then a quick, flashing glance at the picture of the Magdalen. A glance that each time gave her courage. Sarah Alt's face was not that of a heroine—there were no poetic traits, no lineaments marked by tragic feeling. It was not even a handsome face, but one delicate, homely, womanly. No eyes but those of her partial friends would have called her an angel, but any man would feel a quiet, full sense of pleasure at seeing such a face and form presiding at his tea-table.

Yet this conviction of her character, in all its simple domestic grace which shone through her face, but moved the observant eye of the clergyman to regard her with more curiosity, knowing how deep and sharp must be the heart pain which now blanched her lip and sent so wild a light into her eye. They played in silence, neither of the spectators uttering a word, until an unexpected "check!" from John Cadogan altered the whole bearing of the game.

"You are winning, my boy!" said the doctor.

Cadogan laughed, and the bright, genial glow of every day lightened his face.

"I have seen men staking their fortunes upon a turn of the dice, Miss Alt," said Mr. Thorpe. "They looked as you do now."

Every woman is at heart enough of an actress to conceal feeling. She looked up at him with a careless smile.

"I am not playing for a fortune, but—"

"For life!" whispered the clergyman, stooping to her ear. "Your face tells the story—you have set some stake upon this game dearer to you than life. You dare not deny it."

She did not reply, only moved her castle blindly across the board. The move was lost. Cadogan smiled triumphantly, and replied to it.

"It is not against John Cadogan you play," resumed the hissing whisper in her ear. "It is against your fate. I see in your eyes the terror of some power greater than yourself. What is it?"

Still the same unnatural smile upon her lips.

"Check!" she said, in her usual quiet tone. "Your queen is in danger, Mr. Cadogan. I can be generous enough to tell you, for I shall win." She turned suddenly, and faced the stern, dark face at her back. "Against what do I play? Perhaps," and a strange laugh broke from her lips, "I play a game of chess like that of the Castilian Cortijo, who staked his soul upon the issue, and played with the Evil One."

Something in the laugh and the words chilled and silenced the man before her, and she resumed the game.

An hour passed—but few pieces remained upon the board—the game was in the hands of the young girl, who played now calmly, confident of success. Cadogan grew nervous, agitated.

"I shall win," she said; "you cannot do anything now. Look, the checkmate is inevitable, move as you will."

"I see," he muttered, pushing his king recklessly forward.

A bright smile of joy broke over her face. It transfigured, illumined it. No flash of haughty triumph, but a radiant gleam of womanly, gentle love.

"Oh, I have won, I have won," she exclaimed, in a low, thrilling tone, while the quick, warm tears filled her eyes. "Oh, John, it is better for you, better for both, that I should gain it," and she held out her hand impulsively and touched his.

"Yes, you have gained it, Sarah," he said, his eye darkening. "Take my knight, and I am checkmated."

She did not heed his angry tone. Her face flashing, her hand trembling with eagerness, she raised the piece with which the victory was to be gained.

"Hark?" said the doctor, lifting his hand abruptly.

She paused—listening. Through the open window, from the clear, still moonlight, came a low, stifled sob, a moan like a smothered human cry coming from a grave.

"Go on," said Cadogan, "it is but the wind."

But over the face of the young girl spread a sudden, livid pallor, a dead, hopeless despair.

"Move!" said the doctor, impatiently. "John surrenders." For a moment she was motionless.

"You are ill, Miss Alt," exclaimed the clergyman, starting forward.

She motioned him aside. Another moment, and the spasm of pain was over.

"The game is yours," she said, calmly, deliberately making a false move, and then rising from the table.

"Sarah!" exclaimed the young man, starting impetuously up. "God bless you—you give it to me of your own free will?"

"I give it to you," she repeated, in the same quiet, unnaturally-measured tone, suffering him to hold her hands in his ardent pressure.

"It was but a woman's caprice. Love has conquered," and, regardless of the lookers-on, he bent over her fondly, admiringly. She stood pale—passive. "Love has conquered," she repeated, a curious bitterness curving her lips.

And, with the same calm, stoical, indifferent smile, she sat for an hour listening to the eagerly-discussed arrangements for the coming morning, but taking no part in them.

The clock upon the mantel chimed midnight before the party broke up. Then, rousing herself, she replied in a gay tone to the doctor's war of badinage, and shook hands at parting with each of her guests, a rosy dimple on her cheek.

They left the room. At the door, the clergyman paused, and, turning, came again towards her. She stood where he had left her only now, the rose flush was gone. Her eye was leaden and dead.

"I had forgotten, Miss Alt," he said, carelessly, his hawk-eye fixed upon her face vigilantly. "I had forgotten to ask you the end of the story of the Castilian Cortijo when he played for his soul with the fiend. How did it end?"

"Hell won!" The tone rang through the room quick and sharp, like a death-cry.

"And that is the end?"

"The end."

"I thank you, Miss Alt; I was a little curious. It is a pitiful history—but there are others like it in the world. I thank you, good-night."

She bowed her head wearily, as if unconscious of his presence, and he left her, and, closing the great hall door, sauntered moodily down the broad slope between the forests to the village of Orth.

He looked up at length with a muttered exclamation of impatience at his own thoughts, and hummed carelessly to himself the old refrain of Will Shakspeare:

"So let the stricken deer go weep!
The hart ungalled play—
For some may laugh, and some must weep,
So runs the world away."

CHAPTER II.

Sarah Alt sat alone by the glimmering fire for an hour after Mr. Thorpe had gone. A careless observer would have looked at the slight form in its brown robe, the bent, girlish head, the hands idly folded, and thought her wrapt in some sweet maiden revery of the coming morning. There were no traces of the fierce struggle of passion through which, an hour before, her soul had passed; whatever might have been its cause, it was over. Her eyes were fixed dreamily on the fire; now and then, a slow tear crept down her cheek, and that was all.

What story those tears told, none knew but her own heart. Whether of hidden guilt and of penitence, of the strong, fresh hopes of her youth crushed, or of the dreary pain of a voluntary self-sacrifice that saw no recompense of reward—who might say? So the long hours of the night passed unnoted. Oh, those hidden tears at night! Slow, thick drops, the essence of life's sharpest pain, of which the morning sun can find no traces save deepening furrows on the paler cheek, and a corroding doubt in the sick heart of man's truth and God's justice! *You* have shed such tears, reader, if you are a woman—you recall them even now in your happiest moment, with the weary faintness with which you think of the dead or the grave—a blasphemous wonder which you can scarcely smother, why an all-loving God allows such things to be. It is no easy thing to look up through tears like those and see the eye that looks on them with infinite love and pity.

Sarah Alt did not look up. * * * The clock struck three. Rising with a start, she lit the little bronzed lamp, and sought her chamber. The house was a large one, built with wandering, outspread passages and wings. The young girl passed noiselessly through the corridors, until she reached the door of her own apartment. She entered it, leaving the lamp burning outside. Her bridal dress lay displayed upon the bed. She took up the simple white robe and laid it aside without a glance. A bright fire burned upon the hearth. Exchanging her dress for a loose robe, she knelt, as if mechanically, for her evening devotions; but her lips uttered no prayer, only from her eyes rained a tempest of tears, with half-smothered sobs, until, apparently exhausted, she sank down upon the floor, leaning her head upon the chair. After all, it was but an everyday grief—a young girl forced to marry a man she did not love. A pitiful story, but common enough, as Mr. Thorpe had said. A story that might be told of our next door neighbor, perhaps, the plump matron with her half-dozen noisy boys. She too looks back with scarce a sigh to some closed door in her heart, from which she turns away as if from the sepulchre in the garden, and goes to her darning and housekeeping contentedly; yet behind that closed door may lie, hidden, dead, with that fresh girlish hope strangled long ago, the purity and strength of her nature—the woman as she might have been, earnest, true, loving, not as she is, rough, and coarse, and worldly. Something of this future, of this fall of herself with the dream which she was relinquishing, came before Sarah Alt's mind as she sat hiding her head in her hands.

Everything in her future husband's nature repulsive to her own rose before her in darkest colors. As the morning hour approached that was to complete her sacrifice, the more unendurable that sacrifice became. She had none of the elements of a heroine; her courage did not rise as the crisis of her fate drew near. She looked upon her marriage with the dread with which a martyr might regard the stake, but with none of the martyr's spirit in her eye. She was nothing but a simple-minded, weak-willed woman, driven to her fate by some power of circumstances she dared not resist. So, woman-like, her tears fell bitterly, silently, while she yielded.

"May I come in?" said a voice at the door. Sarah raised her head and watched impatiently the motions of the young girl who entered, wrapped in a night-robe and carrying the bronze lamp which she had left in the hall. She placed the lamp upon the table, and then stooped down beside her sister. "You are waited for, dear." She put her hand softly upon the flushed cheek burning with tears. Very gentle was the touch, and very quiet the voice, but touch and words seemed to sting the hearer alike.

"It is late," she said, shaking off the hand, and sitting upright. "And it is the last night. Must I go? It would have been a trifling kindness, Agatha, to have supplied my place to-night." Her tone was angry to fretfulness.

"I could not, you know," said the other, more gently than before. "Because it is the last night. I am not enough. After this—" the speaker paused abruptly to hide a sudden falter in her tone.

Sarah did not answer, but dropped her head wearily upon her hands again. The other passed her hand soothingly over the disordered hair, with a quiet, caressing motion.

"You have been alone all night?" Sarah questioned, suddenly looking into Agatha's face.

"Yes, mother was tired."

There was another silence—Sarah clasped her hands upon her knees, and looked into the red, glowing embers with a dreary, dreamy gaze. The other young girl remained in the half-kneeling, uneasy posture she had first taken, as if fearful of disturbing, by any motion, her sister's head, which rested on her shoulder. The face that looked down on Sarah's with such pale, anxious earnestness, was younger than hers, but marked by lines of pain and suffering. Neither of the faces had the bright, light-hearted look which should have been the rightful heritage of their age, but the traces of a suppressed, quiet sadness rested more deeply upon that of the younger sister. A look of sorrowful humility, of pitiful deprecation, as though conscious of some perpetual cause of sorrow and shame.

"I thought," said Sarah, breaking the silence at last, in a low, bitter tone, as if speaking to herself alone, "I thought I could have escaped this marriage a few days longer." Her fingers worked convulsively together. The other did not speak, only took the fingers in hers and smoothed them softly.

"I thought," she said again, looking up into the poor, pale face above her with an eager, reproachful gaze, "God would have helped me, Agatha. But He did not. *He did not.* Do not speak," she said, passionately, "I know all you would say—it is my duty to marry John Cadogan. Am I not doing it? It is easy for you to stand by and watch—I am the sacrifice. I—I—think what I might have been," she said, with a sudden cry, starting up and standing upright. "*His* wife—the man who loved me, whom I loved. A pure, honorable wife. Look at me now—sold for a price, because of the sin of another. Sold!—I loathe myself, Agatha! I loathe you, for the blood that is in your veins—for the viileness of the life-long deceit we practice day by day! I, whom an honest man will take to his home to-morrow as an innocent girl. And I dare not speak the truth and tell him what the wretched girl is he is making his wife, because I want his money!"

The face of the younger sister grew slowly paler, but she offered no words of consolation, only stretched out her hand to the trembling girl, as if to draw her to her bosom. In her blind passion, Sarah pushed her away.

"Do not touch me," she cried. "Let me bear my burden alone—I will do my work—you shall live at ease and reap the fruits of it."

Her sister uttered a half-smothered sob, as if stung by some sudden pain—she grasped the hand that still repelled her roughly.

"Oh, Sarah, you do not mean that," she cried, imploringly. "It is not for me, you know that. Sarah, Sarah, say that you know that."

"Do not weary me," said the other, haughtily, half-ashamed of her taunt, yet too proud to recall it.

Agatha shrank timidly back into the darker side of the fire-place, and was silent. As she stood erect, the terrible misfortune which God had sent upon her became apparent. She was deformed—though but slightly, yet enough to make her marked, set apart among women, lonely and isolated. Bearing in her bowed head and pleading gaze a perpetual prayer for tolerance, if not pity, from her fairer fellow-creatures, for leave to live. Beyond this, there was no expression in her face that marked a consciousness of self, or a hope or wish in which she bore a part. A calm repose, a sorrowful peace, an earnest sympathy with all around her, shone from the wistful brown eyes and sad, smiling mouth.

There was no smile now upon the mouth. The lips were white with pain, as she stood silently, watching her sister's passionate pacing to and fro. The gray dawn was breaking in the east, the cold, damp wind blew in the open door, making the lamp light flicker uneasily. Agatha closed it—stirred the fire to a cheerful blaze, and then softly approached her sister.

"You must sleep, dear," she said, as if half afraid.

"My task of love is not yet accomplished," she replied, with a scornful tone; then, turning impulsively, she put her hand over her eyes, exclaiming, "Pray for me, Agatha, that God will help me do my duty."

Again the timid hand was outstretched, again angrily repelled. Then the deformed girl drew quietly back, and, without a word of reproach, only a look of deepest pity and love, she left the room. Sarah stood motionless, unconscious of her sister's departure, for a few moments. Then, wrapping her loose robe more closely around her, she lifted the bronze lamp, and took up from the table a heavy iron key which her sister had placed there—only a key of peculiar construction and half rusted—yet, as she held it in her hand and stood looking at it, she seemed to grow sick and faint. She laid it down again irresolutely, went to the mirror, moving like an automaton, and let her hair fall upon her shoulders as if preparing for rest; then, with a sudden impulse, hastily took up the key with a shudder of pain, and, with a curious self-torture, pressed it to her lips and passed it over her cheek. Then, holding the lamp and key, she stealthily left the room. The house was large, with several gables running out on various sides. Sarah Alt passed noiselessly through the wide hall into a sort of labyrynth of intersected passages. As she went, her step grew fainter and more hesitating—but it did not stop. Only she paused at her mother's chamber door, listened for a moment to her quiet breathing, and then, with an impatient curl of the lip, hurried on. She had left behind her the inhabited parts of the house, and entered a corridor leading to one of the gables, which, with the range of offices beneath it, was unused. At the end of this corridor she ascended a few steps, and then hurried through a narrow gallery, into which but one door opened. She paused here at this door, and placed her key in the lock. Paused, again irresolute, before she turned it, with a strange look upon her pale face. A look of fear, of love, of sick loathing, combined. With a sudden effort, she opened the door, and, placing her lamp upon the floor, entered in the darkness. The flame of the lamp was blown to and fro by the sudden blast of wind, but showed within a small passage or ante-room, uncarpeted, covered with dust and cobwebs. The young girl passed rapidly through it, then suddenly returning, locked the door on the inside, leaving the lamp without. There was the sound of another door opened, and then a smothered cry of greeting, a bestial howl, half human half animal, and all was still. An hour passed in profound silence, broken only once by a noise like that of a wolf at his meal in a growling chuckle of pleasure. At last the door re-opened, and the young girl appeared. A whiter pallor rested on her face; a high, holy light beamed in her eye. Her step was firm as she slowly retraced her way through the passages. Whatever the struggle in her soul had been, it was over now, and over forever. Upon every guarded look, in every movement, there rested the firm impress of an iron resolve, which never afterwards left her through all the weary years of her changeful life. Reaching her own chamber door, she extinguished the lamp, and entering, closed it, laying the key and the lamp side by side upon the table. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE DELABARS AND JOSEPHINE SMITH.

BY MRS. M. F. AMES.

Carriages were standing closely around a depot in one of our eastern cities, waiting for the train due at 4.30.

But one, an elegant little affair, was conspicuous for a pair of eager eyes that looked anxiously from the open window, away into the distance in the direction from which the train was expected to come. There, a signal! Yes, they are coming! The horses paw and arch their glossy necks; while the crowd sway like grain with a breeze passing over it. The occupant of the private carriage, a beautiful woman of forty, perhaps—although she looked much younger—could hardly restrain her impatience.

She arose, as if she would descend, and then with a smile at her own childishness, she sat down and waited the arrival. Among the first to step from the cars were two gentlemen, the one middle-aged, and the other scarce eighteen. It was worth going a mile to see the lady, as her eyes rested on them. The light of happiness was on every feature, and she looked even youthful in the transfiguration.

"Our carriage, father!" said the younger one; and in a moment the two were in the little vehicle, and, grasping each a hand of the wife and mother, who had come to convey them from the depot. The most casual beholder would have called them a happy trio; as, indeed, they were, and all the world to each other—Mr. and Mrs. Delabar and their only son, Frank.

They had been absent but three weeks, but a hundred questions were to be asked and answered by each.

"And how did you find Mr. Smith, and my pretty namesake, Josephine?" asked Mrs. Delabar of her husband.

"Mr. Smith was well, and doing well, I should think. He has several hundred acres of wild land, and there is a fair prospect that it will soon become valuable, from its situation on the lake shore. A pier is being constructed on it already, and a village will eventually spring up near it."

"I am *so* glad! Poor George! He has had such a sad, dark way, I hope he is coming into the sunshine now. But little Josie, is she as pretty as ever?"

"Frank can tell you about her; I must go to the store now." And, with a sly smile at the young man, he left them.

"Well, Frank, about Josephine? Her mother promised her to you, one day, when you saved her head a bump from the front steps, more than ten years ago."

The young man laughed, almost boisterously, as he replied:

"That is as much as I would do for her now, mother. Why, she is the roughest, most uncultivated girl I ever saw; or, at least, was ever acquainted with."

"Why, Frank, you must be mistaken; Anna Smith's child cannot be rough, I am sure?"

"Well, mother, let me tell you, please. We left the cars at a little station in Michigan, and obtaining a private carriage, were conveyed as speedily as possible to the residence of Mr. Smith, situated about ten miles away; said residence consisting of a double log house—"

"A double log house! What is that, pray?"

"Why, two log buildings, made so touch each other, and with a door leading from one to the other; as trees will not work into logs long enough to build a large dwelling, and hence the two. There were about forty acres under cultivation, and enclosed by a rail fence, and beyond that, on every side, it was heavy timber. Famous for hunting, mother; but, oh, such a place for a farm! We found Mr. Smith in the field, endeavoring to root out an obstinate stump, that came on a line where he wished to set a fruit-tree. He looked like a hod-carrier, but was overjoyed to see us, and leaving the stump with his hired man, a great burly Dutchman, he went at once with us to the house. Since the death of his wife, eight years, I believe, he has hired a family to work for him; the man and boys out doors, and the women and girls in the house. And they were just such a family as you would expect to find hired out; especially in a place where land is as cheap as it is there. Dinner was soon announced, and we all sat down together, Dutchman and all. The food was good enough, and in abundance, but tumbled upon the table in such a disorderly manner, that I hardly knew when the meal was over. Just as we were leaving the table, a horse came galloping past the window.

"Here comes Jo," said Mr. Smith; and down from the horse on to the block used as a door-step slipped a great, awkward girl, about fourteen, I should think. Her face was tanned to the color of a coffee-berry; frizzled curls, all in a tangle; hands destitute of gloves, coarse shoes, soiled dress and a torn sun-bonnet. And this was Josephine! My mother's namesake, and, ahem! my promised wife. She had not even the good sense to seem mortified at her plight, and, when introduced, merely bobbed her head at us, and then, with the remark that she was half starved, sat down to the table and ate like a famished wolf.

"Oh, dear, mother! I wish you could have seen!" and he laughed as noisily as before.

"We staid two days; but Jo, as they all called her, did not improve upon acquaintance. She called me a 'stuck up' to my face, answered my questions with *yes sir-ee* and *no sir-ee* until I began to think she thought *sir-ee* was really my name. And the strangest and silliest thing was, her father seemed to think it was all right, and that the great, awkward thing was perfect; and the woman who kept the house was as tender of her as if she really loved her."

"Have they no neighbors near them?"

"None nearer than a mile, although houses are being built in connection with that pair, I believe."

"Did the girl speak of me?"

"Oh, yes! I had nearly forgotten. That was the only womanly tr

train, that had stopped in such a place, and sent out no signal-man in the rear, nor even left a red light. He acknowledged I was right. I then informed him that I was an officer of the ordnance department, and was in charge of a shipment of ammunition for Bowling Green, and would have him court-martialled when we reached there, unless he apologized for the threats he had made. This information had a calming effect on the colonel, who, at heart, was really a clever fellow.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, October 29, 1862.

GOV. CURTIN'S VIEWS OF THE RAID.

To a superficial view the last rebel raid might not seem a very severe matter in a war like the present. It lasted but three days; the rebels stopped long at no one place, avoided Frederick, and every place where there was force enough to bring on even the slightest resistance, and only got back by running faster than our infantry could overtake them. A quarter of a million of dollars would probably pay for nearly all the pecuniary damage. If a thousand horses were stolen, worth a hundred dollars a piece, the burnt buildings, stolen stores of shoes and clothing, would make up a sum not much exceeding the rest. We are not aware that a life was lost, or a prisoner carried off beyond the Potomac to be detained. The soldiers even prided themselves on behaving like gentlemen, and our folks got off, on the whole, much better than might have been expected; so that if the citizens of Pennsylvania were only willing to hold their lives, liberties and property at the mercy of Southern rebels, matters might be accommodated on not very outrageous terms for the rest.

But this not being the case, it is quite clear that our State officers do and will sift the whole affair to the bottom, and, if they can, find out who is to blame. It is the first serious irruption into a free State, and as such, if allowed to be passed over lightly, might encourage the repetition of the offence. It has produced a feeling of insecurity along our whole border. If this thing has been accomplished once why not again? It was Chambersburg this time, but why not Pittsburg next? It was, perhaps, only a barren success this, in which the horses captured hardly more than compensated for those worn out. But another such adventure might result very differently.

Besides, the information gained was most important. These men learned by personal inspection the whole state of the country, our forces and their positions, the points left unguarded, and the full strength that could be concentrated on any one position. In addition to this the whole army feels, if not demoralized and lowered in tone, in measure disgraced, that the marauders were not captured. The enemy is no doubt equally exultant, and the young men of the Southern States have been taught that it is a gallant thing and a glorious one, to dash into Northern villages and steal the horses of the farmers. Let the farmers of Pennsylvania decide whether they will prefer tamely to await such invasion, or, if not, arouse and by unanimity render it impossible.

Governor Curtin has decided. He has found out much and demands investigation that will discover, if not more of the causes, at least the means of preventing the recurrence of such invasions. The Governor thinks that some of our officers knew of this raid by ten o'clock on Friday morning, and might have met and captured the whole force.

There is no doubt this will be fully investigated, and if there are any more men like Major Key, whose programme is inaction against rebels and allowing them partial successes, the sooner they are exposed and dismissed the service the better. This is no way to peace, but to embitter the civil war, and render its termination by any compromise more and more impossible. There is a dogged resolution about the North that will not stay beaten, or let an injury or insult of that sort produce compromise, but the reverse. It will wake up the indifferent, especially among the farmers, and make irreconcilable enemies along the border that may, unchecked, give rise, like the border wars of England and Scotland, to strifes that centuries can hardly heal. Battles fairly fought out, do not leave half the bad blood that invasions and spoliation do, even though it be but of a few horses and shoes.

The only effectual remedy that we see is, for the Northern Governors to agree among themselves to protect the border of the free States, with a militia of their own, especially the line of the Potomac to Washington, and make the whole available forces of the present army thus able to take the road to Richmond. After that is captured, ways to peace may open beyond what now appear. Until it is, there can be no such security as will warrant our army going into winter quarters.

OUR CROPS.

Just in proportion as war is impoverishing to us, does it become important that we should turn our eyes to the true sources of wealth. Paper money is in point of fact not payment, but the promise to pay, either on demand without interest, or at a future day with. All paper money necessitates, sooner or later, a larger amount of coin or of crops, that is, of some article possessing real exchangable value, which alone can meet the promise to pay created by every paper issue; and the value of our paper will be in proportion to crops for which it can be exchanged. Our most important of all crops just now, for the purposes of exchange, gold, has been least considered and cultivated with reference to the supply of Government wants. Never yet was a nation so prodigal of such vast wealth. In California, the Government has received, from the richest mines in the world, no wealth at all. Owning all the land, or nearly so, a few years ago, it has allowed Chinese and Persians, citizens of the United States and foreigners, to come and pick up its treasures, and amass golden harvests, hardly contributing to the General Government enough to pay the expenses of local police, and nothing, or next to nothing, for general outlay. The land has cost the miners no fair price. Had a per centage been put upon all gold exported of one-tenth, as a sort of ground rent, from the very first, it would not have been deemed exorbitant. Now, of course, it is different. We have given up the right, virtually, beyond what has been established, though no private individual or company would have done so. But it is for the Government to see in what way best its paper can be exchanged for this gold, which we produce in such large quantities, as to restore coin to circulation. At present matters are becoming miserable for the want simply of a better financial plan. A dollar in gold is becoming worth a dollar and a third in paper.

Our wheat is already doing the most famous service as a circulating medium for foreign exchange, and as such it is rising, and must rise in value. Pennsylvania alone has furnished more wheat this year than New York and seven other large wheat growing States put together. For three or four years now our crops have been excellent, and the farmers are brim full of wealth, and that which might form the basis of a currency. An agent for the Government, who could go round and explain the matter to the farmers, could get millions of United States bonds, bearing interest, taken by the farmers for produce, on far better terms than by issuing a paper currency through Wall street, subject to the depreciation of a third because irredeemable in gold. Cannot Congress find some financier of sufficient breadth of mind to cope with the whole subject of the currency, and make gold and wheat the basis of our currency, as they are of value? As it is, our farmers may seem to get high prices for wheat, but it is only in paper, and they have to pay double for all they buy, so that the producers of wealth are the last to feel the rise of prices advantageously, and a large proportion of their earnings goes to the financiers who finger exchange, instead of to the industrious classes.

There are new crops that are "as good as gold," because, having now a universally exchangeable value throughout the world. Cotton is the chief crop of this sort. Indeed, in the South it has been sought to be made the sole basis of a paper currency, and it is that which alone gives it the slight value which it has. In Illinois an experimental crop has been raised, which seems to demonstrate that, with care, it can be advantageously raised. Superior soil and manuring, with the more careful culture of free labor, will make up for great differences of climate in a crop the chief difficulties of which are in keeping down weeds, until it is so well grown as to protect itself and them in careful picking. At the present prices, and those which must rule for a year or two to come, there can be no doubt of the productiveness of this crop, and it will very probably be valuable for all time to come.

All of these crops which are in demand throughout the world, tend to equalize exchange, to form a settled and acknowledged basis on which it is for wise government to build a just and unfluctuating currency.

UNFOUNDED RUMORS.—The reliable gentleman seems to have changed the field of his observations. Instead of bringing us unfounded reports of the numbers of the enemy and the condition of his army, he is now employed in fabricating insurrections among the negroes. The story of a negro plot in Culpepper county, Va., placed under the telegraph head yesterday, is, no doubt, a story made up by a refugee to give importance to his revelations. There will be plenty of such fabrications hereafter. What people wish to believe they can very soon find confirmed by hundreds of witnesses and abundance of testimony. So far, the negroes of the South have shown no disposition to fight against their masters, and have most perversely falsified prediction, and showed a very common belief and expectation to be a very great fallacy.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ARMY.

Half the usefulness and success of an army depends on the discipline and habits and spirit of the men, and each regiment comes to have a character of its own, well known to its general in command. All this is produced more or less by the conduct and guidance exercised by two or three men, generally its leading officers. The colonel, of course, can exercise more influence than any one man, other things being equal. But wisdom, courage and good principles will, by degrees, have more weight than office and rank even in the army; and oftentimes a colonel shows the greatest wisdom in proportion as he consults with and can be guided by one or two of his subordinate officers, who, being more immediately with the men of their own company, know what they can, and what they cannot do.

Every regiment, at least, ought to be a unit. If the officers are quarrelling among themselves, or each is filled with some ulterior and lower view than the highest possible success of the whole regiment, such as personal advantage or personal pique, that regiment will never accomplish anything great or noble. The men may be brave, noble and efficient, individually, some companies may be well drilled and have excellent officers, but this will only bring on them the jealousies and want of support of the rest. Dissipation and want of self-government kill more men and demoralizes a regiment for war purposes more than the sword. And a dissipated captain will soon have a dissipated and worthless company of soldiers, unless, as is often the case, the men will show a depth of moral principle altogether beyond the power of any man to corrupt. And sometimes a single soldier in the ranks will, in many of these matters, have an influence greater than any officer in a regiment.

There is one of our Pennsylvania Regiments which is in many respects a model one in point of moral conduct. Not the first man of it has yet been in the guard-house. Nearly all the regiment are men having families at home. They have left the comforts of home, as have hundreds and thousands in other regiments, in obedience to the call of their country, and believing that if they fall, it will be only in discharge of their duty to their families and their country. One of them writes thus: "I know no other country, nor ever shall. I have stood with it, and, if needs be, I am willing to fall for it, rather than see it subjected to misrule or despotism, which would be the inevitable result should we fail to conquer. I am as well satisfied fully as I expected. It would be pleasant to go home, but I do not expect to until the expiration of my time, or until all is done that we came to do. It is hard to make provision for so many men in so short a time. I am satisfied the Government is doing the best it can, and if all will come to this conclusion we shall get along very well, and I hope soon crush out rebellion and restore peace, which I long to see, so that we may return home to our families. We have religious meeting every evening, in which all unite, the Colonel accompanies the Chaplain, in this respect we get along very nicely indeed."

We have taken the liberty to quote the above extract from a private letter, to give some idea of the spirit which animates the breasts of the bulk of those brave men who are fighting in this war. Perhaps so earnest and yet so calm a conviction of duty never animated so many breasts in any war. There may be madness and fire at the South, and an undoubting belief that they are right, in the minds of some of the men. But the calm endurance of the evils of war, uncomplainingly for the sake of handing down liberty and a firmly established Government to our children, is the principle that alone could impel and animate such men as ours to leave the comforts of home. These are the men now that are forming the back bone of our army. With such men there ought to be no difficulty in conquering a peace that shall give the security to Northern homes that such brave men require.

GEN. SCOTT AND THE REBELLION.

The journals which have industriously disparaged McClellan have never had any great opinion of Gen. Scott, and some of them have even insinuated that he was not sincere in his opposition to rebellion. The recent letter of his, written when Mr. Lincoln first took his seat, which John Van Buren gave to the public, in which the old General gave the probable loss, pecuniarily and otherwise, of subjugating the South, and expressed a desire to let the South go in peace, has not tended to remove this impression from the minds of those who thought he was not thoroughgoing enough. Probably to vindicate his own acts, General Scott has published in the National Intelligencer a summary of the interviews and communications he had with President Buchanan and Secretary Floyd in reference to the attitude assumed in the South towards the Government, just previous to the rebellion. In this paper General Scott establishes the fact that he had advised, early, the preparations for the coming storm, and showed exactly what was necessary to be done. In December, 1860, General Scott advised strong garrisons to be put in the various Southern forts, particularly in Charleston and Pensacola harbors; but these suggestions were opposed by Secretary Floyd, and Mr. Buchanan did not appear to have nerve enough to go against Floyd's advice. He hesitated from day to day, while Commissioners from South Carolina were trying to gain time, by delay, to get the other States out of the Union. General Scott, seeing through Floyd's opposition, even went so far as to ask permission of President Buchanan to send a reinforcement to Fort Sumter, without Floyd's knowledge; but the President refused to allow any attempt at reinforcement while negotiations were going on with the Commissioners. Floyd had no soldiers to send to the forts, without depriving Fort Monroe of its guard, intending, no doubt, to put that stronghold into the hands of the rebels, and the Secretary of the Navy had no vessels to send to operate in the harbor of Charleston, having previously sent them all off to distant stations, to be out of the way when wanted. The whole history, as given, proves the earnestness and fidelity of General Scott in warding off danger from the Government, and the weakness and treachery of those to whom he was subordinate. If every officer in high position stood as fair on the record as General Scott, the rebellion would never have occurred.

ARMY OPERATIONS IN KENTUCKY.

The operations of our army in Kentucky, with the opportunities given it to damage the rebel army, have not been as successful as the public had reason to expect. Buell had the larger army, and succeeded in concentrating it, Bragg was on the retreat, but the unfortunate event at Perryville lost Buell all the strategic advantages he had previously secured. Bragg has escaped with trains and baggage out of Kentucky, and our army has abandoned the pursuit. The movements of the last two months may therefore be pronounced a failure, for they have not much damaged the rebel army, and the latter has succeeded in securing a vast amount of plunder, the only object probably Bragg had in view when he made the inroad on the richest pastures of Kentucky. The Western journals are very severe in their comments upon these events, and the lack of generalship exhibited by some of our commanders. The battle of Perryville was brought on by General McCook, contrary to orders, and the loss there sustained defeated all the plans for Bragg's capture. The army was moving on Perryville in three corps, by three different roads, expecting Bragg's army would make a stand there. McCook had the centre column, and of course was not expected to do more than feel of the enemy until the other corps were in position for the combined operation. But McCook exposed his corps in such a way that Bragg attacked and repulsed it with a heavy loss, before the others were within supporting distance. Although the fight was a protracted one, the whole corps was not got into action, nor was General Buell apprised of it, or reenforcements asked until several hours had elapsed, nor Schoepff's division ordered up, although within supporting distance. The result was the sacrifice of our men and the safe withdrawal of Bragg's army.

GEN. KEARNEY—A SECOND LETTER.

Some of the injudicious friends of General Kearney have published a second letter of their dead friend, indulging in some very disparaging comments upon Gen. McClellan. It is as follows:

HEAD-QUARTERS THIRD DIVISION, THIRD CORPS, Camp Cumberland Landing, May 18, 1862.

O. S. HALSTEAD, JR.:—*Dear Pet*—I present my cousin, Mr. L. Watts Depeyster, whom you have already met. Please to put him in the way of obtaining a commission in the regulars, especially in the cavalry. He behaved well at Williamsburg.

McClellan has painfully disappointed even those who expected very little from him—even me, who have *sifted* him from the first. His talents for mathematics do not seem to apply in any one respect. Every calculation of his is a stupid, sleepy failure, or most artless, yet dangerous risk. Still, I never expected to find him introducing a want of fair play, to those who carry out his fighting, *whilst he stays in the rear.* With best regards,

Yours, PHIL. KEARNY, B. Gl. Comd'g.

This letter is much more offensive in its character than the first. The imputation against Gen. McClellan's courage is in wretched taste, and slanderous besides. There is nothing of the high-toned, chivalrous officer in such an epistle.

OUR IRON-CLAD NAVY.—Donald McKay, the ship builder, who has personally inspected the iron-clad fleets now being made in England and France doubts the propriety of our constructing so many vessels of the Monitor pattern. He regards them as inferior to the large vessels building abroad for offensive purposes. Their lowness in the water and inferior speed would, he thinks, put them at the mercy of the huge rams, for such they all are, that compose the European fleets. The Ironsides, and the great ram building by Mr. Webb, he fears, will be the only two effective vessels in our navy for deep water purposes.

CAPTURES BY REBEL PRIVATEERS.

The ship-owners of New York and the Chamber of Commerce, interested in the depredations upon American commerce committed by the rebel steamer Alabama, have held a meeting in reference to the subject, at which the conduct of England, in permitting privateers to be fitted out in her ports, is denounced as a violation of the pretended neutrality of that country, and of the principles involved in the Trent case, for which England threatened to go to war. The wrong done in this instance is the greater offence to recognized international law, because none of the vessels captured are adjudicated upon in prize courts, but are all burned at sea, which is a wanton and disgraceful destruction of property, and involves neutrals as well as belligerents in the spoliations of war, which is at variance with received international law, and in conflict with the principles lately adopted at the Paris Convention. The conduct of the rebel captain in taking advantage of the usual humanities at sea towards vessels supposed to be in distress, is a blot upon the enlightenment and civilization of the age. The vessels captured are kept until night; they are then fired, with a view of attracting other vessels to the spot, for the purpose of extending relief to the ship supposed to be in distress. In this way several American vessels have been lured to their destruction. In the speeches made at the meeting, American shipmasters were warned against being lured into danger by their humanity, the effect of which must be to add to the perils of the ocean, for every burning vessel will, hereafter, be a signal to an American shipmaster to run away from danger, instead of attempting to extend relief.

It is England that encourages the lawlessness which denies the right of humanity at sea, and endangers neutral property—England, the nation which has the most interest in maintaining every amelioration in favor of commerce, which enlightened law and a more perfect civilization have introduced into the international code and the common practice upon the ocean. Her conduct under the mildest view of the case has been most culpable and unfair. While ships intended to prey upon our commerce are built and armed in her harbor, she has forbidden our national ships from receiving their necessary supplies of coal, and has imposed upon them a rule which renders it impossible for them to pursue any privateer escaping from a British port, until it has had twenty-four hours' start of the pursuing vessel. In striking contrast to this conduct, was that of the U. S. Government in the Russian war. Upon the complaint of the British Minister against a vessel loading for China, during the Crimean hostilities, the U. S. District Attorney at New York seized her, and kept her in custody until it was shown that her intention was not to violate the neutrality of the United States. It was just as publicly known in England that the steamer Alabama was fitting out for depredations upon our commerce; and it is notorious that the trade between British ports and Nassau is principally in supplies for the rebel army, introduced by British steamers in violation and defiance of our blockade. It is not British sentiment alone which is hostile to our government, but British acts, common and notorious, and which any friendly government, in international comity and right, would seek to prevent being committed against a nation with which it was at peace. If the British government does not take some action to put a stop to these hostile practices against us, it will become a question whether our government will not be constrained to adopt some decided measures of its own, which will involve British property at sea in the risks of capture, and probably destroy the peaceful relations now existing between the two governments.

WAR NEWS OF THE WEEK.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 22, 1862.

An Exective order directing that all persons who may actually have been drafted into the military service, and who may claim exemption on account of alienage, must make application therefor directly to the Department of State, or through their respective Ministers or Consuls; and an order from the War Department directs the proper officers to make report to the Department of State of all cases to which the order refers.

Our despatches from the Army of the Potomac, inform us that our cavalry pickets have been extended two miles, and are some distance beyond Walltown, which place is held by our infantry. A balloon reconnoisance on Monday night disclosed the fact that the rebels are this side of Charlestown in considerable force, and Jackson with his command is known to be still at Bunker Hill. Yesterday morning an expedition from Gen. Slocum's command started to intercept and capture a force of rebel cavalry known to be foraging near Lovettsville, in Loudon county. No particulars are yet received, but it is announced that the expedition was perfectly successful, capturing upward of thirty prisoners—including the rebel commander, and killing and wounding several. Our loss was one man killed and four wounded.

The Southern news received by way of Fortress Monroe, and published this morning, is interesting. The Richmond Examiner is of the opinion, from advices received from Northern Virginia, that Lee is about to make a movement. The treatment of the rebel sick and wounded forms the burden of a complaint against the rebel authorities. A great victory is claimed for Bragg in Kentucky. The Dispatch, however acknowledge a loss of five thousand men. The danger of the capture of Mobile by the National forces seems to be painfully impressed upon the rebel mind. The Dispatch concedes that its capture would give us immediate possession of the Alabama and Tombigbee Rivers, and a move into the interior of Albama would cut the rebel Confederacy more completely in two than the possession of the Mississippi throughout its entire length, as it would destroy the line of communication through Montgomery, which has been of incaiculable benefit to the rebels.

Early in 1861, when civil war seemed pending, but had not actually broken out, General Scott wrote two papers containing his views, professional and political, on the crisis, and the rights and duties which devolved on Government in the momentous conjuncture. One of them has recently been published without the writer's consent. The second appears to-day, having been furnished to the press by himself. It establishes, in the first place, the patriotic anxiety of the General-in-Chief to prepare for the coming storm, and his earnest and repeated efforts to prevail on the Government to garrison and secure the Southern forts against every possible attack; and discloses, in the second place, the causes of his failure, which it is now evident resulted from the indecision of President Buchanan, who was doubtless misled by the treachery of the Secretary of War, if not of other members of the Cabinet, in whom the head of the Government reposed a misplaced confidence.

The Washington Star emphatically contradicts the story started by the Washington Republican, that there had been negro plots discovered at Culpepper.

On Friday night intelligence was received at headquarters, in St. Louis, of Lieutenant-Col. Woodfolk's expedition after the rebels in Johnson county. His command consisted of two hundred and twenty-five men, with two pieces of artillery. He came upon the rebels some seven hundred to a thousand strong, and drove them precipitately across Johnson county southward. The crisis has passed at Lexington, and no reinforcements are needed there.

THURSDAY, Oct. 23, 1862.

Our special correspondent at Harper's Ferry sends us the particulars of the reconnoissance toward Leesburg, from the Army of the Potomac, which started on Tuesday and returned next day. Our forces were under the command of that dashing officer, Gen. Geary. The expedition, which embraced cavalry, artillery and infantry, proceeded as far as Lovettsville, encountering on the way a party of rebel cavalry, which was effectually broken up, several of them being killed and wounded, and a large number, including the commander, taken prisoners. We had but one man killed, and three or four wounded.

The campaign in Kentucky has apparently been a failure on both sides, the rebels failing to capture Cincinnati and Louisville, and Gen. Buell failing to capture the rebels. Our latest reports from Cincinnati and other points in the West indicate that Bragg and Kirby Smith have both succeeded in escaping through the mountains into East Tennessee, with their ammunition and subsistence trains, and their immense spoils captured from the loyal people of Kentucky. It is believed that Bragg will now make direct for Nashville, and we shall probably have a portion of Buell's army countermarching in that direction, to head him off. At all events, the rebels, except the guerrillas under Morgan, and a few detached squads prowling about in various localities, are out of Kentucky, and it is too late in the season to anticipate another invasion of any dimensions. To pursuit of Bragg appears to have terminated at Mount Vernon, in Rock Castle county, seventy-five miles southeast of Frankfort.

The Louisville Journal, says:—"We have had reports as to the capture of a large number of rebel soldiers at Harrodsburgh, Ky., on the 10th inst. The capture was made by Lieutenant-Colonel John Boyle, of the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, who made a dash into the place, completely surprising and taking prisoners sixteen hundred rebels, composed of artillery, infantry and cavalry. A portion of those captured were sick and wounded soldiers, and the remainder were the rear-guard of Gen. Bragg's army. Lieut.-Colonel Boyle's gallantry on the occasion is highly commended, both officers and men exhibiting the coolness and courage of veterans."

Judging by the following paragraph from the Memphis Bulletin, of the 14th, the rebel army of the Southwest was not entirely demolished at Corinth and the Hatchie, nor in the subsequent pursuit:—"We learn from the South, that Van Dorh's army was all day, last Saturday, passing through Holly Springs. It is said they are encamped at Dampkin's Mill, about six miles from Holly Springs. They were too fleet for the Union army, and made good their escape to safe quarters. It is said that the forces in pursuit are slowly returning. They pursued them to Ripley."

There was considerable excitement in Cumberland, Md., on Sunday week. A report reached the city that the rebels had possession of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at some point between Green Spring and Hancock. Five companies of infantry and a couple of pieces of artillery were sent down the road, but nothing had been heard from the expedition when the train left. It was generally believed that the rebels were in large force at Bloomery Gap.

A letter dated at Nashville, October 12th, mentions a rumor that a large portion of Breckinridge's command had arrived at Lavergne. There are at least some Mississippi and Georgia troops there, as our forces have captured soldiers on picket duty belonging to those States.

In answer to a large number of propositions made to the Navy Department for the capture of the pirate Alabama, or "290," Secretary Welles has offered, in case of her capture, to pay for her half a million of dollars, and in case she is destroyed, to pay three hundred thousand dollars—the latter, however, to be subject to an appropriation by Congress.

A gentleman who left our fleet at the mouth of the James River on Saturday, states that the Galena, Capt. Rodgers, and other strong boats there, are waiting the appearance of the new rebel iron-clad prow Richmond, and are confident of giving a good account of her if she shall be bold enough to hazard a trial of strength.

FRIDAY, Oct., 24, 1862.

On Wednesday a reconnoissance was made to Hedgeville, to the westward of Martinsburg, and some distance beyond the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The rebel pickets were encountered by our cavalry and driven into the town, and there a considerable body of the rebels was charged upon, and nineteen prisoners were captured, including three officers. It is reported by refugees that the rebels evacuated Martinsburg on Tuesday.

The rebels who are seeking to invest Nashville are closely watched by Gen. Negley, in command of the National forces there, and no opportunity is lost to give them a telling blow. The battle of Lavergne was one which they will have cause long to remember; and another was given them on Monday last which they will hardly forget. On Sunday, Gen. Forrest, with a considerable force of rebel cavalry, commenced crossing the Cumberland, and his advance, a thousand strong, encamped seven miles north of the city. On Monday, at daylight, they were attacked by a detachment under Col. Miller, and driven in great confusion across the river—a number, including a Colonel, being captured.

Travel between Louisville and Nashville is kept up by way of Owensboro'. Boats run from Louisville to that point and stages thence to Nashville. For the first time since the destruction of the bridge over the Rolling Fork, trains proceeded as far as Elizabethtown on Saturday, the bridge having been repaired. Neither the trestle-work nor tunnel at Muldrough's Hill was damaged by the rebels.

The following is the famous "all glorious" despatch, in which Gen. Van Dorn announced the result of the first day's fight at Corinth. It is dated "Headquarters, near Corinth, Oct. 3," and reads thus: "We have driven the enemy from every position. We are within three-quarters of a mile of Corinth. The enemy are huddled together about town. Some are on the extreme left, trying to hold their position. So far, all is glorious, and our own men behaved nobly. The loss, I am afraid, is heavy. It is nearly night. Lovell's and Price's troops have our thanks."

The New Orleans True Delta of the 9th says that the steam transport Ceres exploded off St. Joseph's Island, and that the crew and twelve passengers were lost. Twenty-one were saved by the gunboat Calhoun and a yacht, in which General Butler was cruising. Five hundred exchanged rebel prisoners have been sent to Baton Rouge.

Galveston papers state that several attacks have been made on Corpus Christi by our (Union) gunboats, but beyond the demolition of a few houses and the killing of one man, no harm was done.

Island No. 10 is in our possession, but it is threatened by a rebel force.

All is quiet at Memphis.

SATURDAY, October 25, 1862.

We believe it is now decided upon to make a change in the position of the commanders at the heads of the different departments of the army which will involve the assignment of the office of General-in-Chief at Washington, now filled by Gen. Halleck, to Gen. McClellan. General Halleck will resume his old position, at the head of the Department of the West, where the important operations now progressing there will require all his wisdom and experience. Gen. Hooker—"Fighting Joe," as he is familiarly called—will, meantime, take charge of the Army of the Potomac in the field. These facts, which come to us from a well-informed source at Washington account for all the flying rumors current here for the last few days relative to important changes about to take place in the army.

Reports from Shepherdstown state that the rebel Generals Jackson, Longstreet and Hill's divisions are concentrated between Martinsburg and the Potomac, and in consequence our pickets are doubled in that direction. The scouts of Gen. Sigel's force, who returned yesterday, report that they met rebel pickets at Thoroughfare Gap and New Baltimore, but could see no evidences of the enemy in force. The troops which the rebels had stationed in large numbers at Bunker Hill moved off on Thursday towards Winchester, bearing all their stores in a long train of wagons.

We learn by despatches from Cincinnati that the Governors of the loyal States are determined to renew the conferences formerly held at Altoona and Washington. It is stated that they intend to convene again next week, in the national capital, to make certain demands upon the President, which, unless complied with, the States represented by their Governors will furnish no more troops for the prosecution of the war. The demands to be made, according to this authority, are the removal of Generals McClellan and Buell from their respective commands on the Potomac and in Kentucky; the immediate advance of our army into Virginia; the enforcement of the Confiscation Act, and the treatment of all rebels as traitors. It is said that this movement is not endorsed by Governor Tod, of Ohio, nor Governor Morgan, of New York.

A despatch from Washington says that Gen. Buell has already been deprived of his command in Kentucky, and that General Rosecrans succeeds him. It is unnecessary to add that the latter has proved himself a most skilful and successful commander.

Our latest news from New Orleans is to the 16th inst. General Butler has been visiting Pensacola and Fort Pike, making an inspection of the works. He has also undertaken to set the church in order in New Orleans, by arresting an Episcopal clergyman for avowing himself a secessionist, and refusing to pray for the President of the United States. General Neal Dow has been appointed to the command of Pensacola. The condition of New Orleans, in general appearance and in a sanitary point of view, is greatly improved under the active management of General Butler.

WAR ITEMS.

Capt. Mullen and party, who have been for four years engaged in constructing a wagon road from the head quarters of the Missouri river to those of the Columbia river, have returned to New York. The road just completed is 600 miles long.

On Sunday last the rebel General Forest, with a large force, crossed the Cumberland river near Nashville, but was attacked by a force under Col. Miller, sent by Gen. Negley, and driven back in confusion.

The rebel General Holmes had protested to Gen. Carr about the arming of negroes by the Union authorities. General Carr had responded that so far from such being the case, he had disarmed all negroes within the lines.

Merchants and business men are urging upon the Government the importance of opening the entire Mississippi to commerce. Reports indicate that plans for the attainment of that end are under consideration.

The Cincinnati Enquirer says that the guerrilla murders by secessionists in Kentucky should be *frowned down.*

Is not that a little too severe treatment for the "misguided brethren?" Suppose it should irritate them.

The extracts from the latest Southern journals furnish an interesting insight into the affairs of Rebeldom. The adjournment of Congress—the practical abolition of martial law—the conferring of full powers on Jeff. Davis to retaliate for the Lincoln Proclamation—together with jubilations over Stuart's cavalry raid into Pennsylvania, are some of the most noticeable features.

"*Give this to Mother*" are the touching words which compose the label attached to a locket hanging in a Broadway window for recognition. Its brief history is this:—"On the bloody field of Manassas, a few weeks ago, with a gasp and a moan, were those words whispered from the white lips of a heroic soldier, as he drew from his bosom a locket and passed the revered memento into the hands of a comrade near. Those loving lips never moved again to tell his name or home; instantly he fell back dead, and a noble spirit passed into a world free from care and pain. He was of the Tenth New York Volunteers (National Zouaves). Safe from death, although disabled, the brave soldier, named Ferguson, who received this trust, has returned to *his* home, and fulfils the sacred legacy as best he may. The little picture hangs in the window of No. 945 Broadway, under the above inscription. Oh, what a depth of tenderness and pathos in these few words—'Give this to mother!'"

PENNSYLVANIA ELECTION.

We publish, says the Harrisburg Union, the official majorities for Auditor General in fifty-eight counties, and the estimated majorities in seven counties, showing a Democratic majority of nearly 4,000. The estimates we have made cannot, we think, vary three hundred from the actual result:

Democratic Majorities. Sienker, D.		*Nat. Union Majorities.* Cochran, A.	
Adams,	411	Alleghany,	4,428
Armstrong, (est.)	400	Beaver,	531
Bedford,	641	Blair,	591
Berks,	5,914	Bradford,	4,063
Bucks,	707	Butler,	155
Cambria,	1,199	Chester,	2,354
Carbon,	700	Crawford,	1,417
Centre,	531	Dauphin,	872
Clarion,	959	Delaware,	1,310
Clearfield,	842	Erie,	1,512
Clinton,	387	Forest, (est.)	60
Columbia,	1,5 6	Franklin,	17
Cumberland,	844	Huntingdon,	643
Fayette,	930	Indiana,	1,894
Fulton,	283	Lancaster,	4,919
Elk,	311	Lawrence,	1,498
Greene, (est.)	1,900	Lebanon,	832
Jefferson,	71	M'Kean,	102
Juniata,	454	Mercer,	372
Lehigh,	1,944	Mifflin,	98
Luzerne,	2,621	Philadelphia,	2,801
Lycoming,	913	Potter,	664
Monroe, (est.)	1,400	Snyder,	339
Montgomery,	1,647	Somerset, (est.)	1,100
Montour,	474	Susquehanna,	1,196
Northampton,	2,438	Tioga, (est.)	1,500
Northumberland,	983	Union,	425
Perry,	42	Warren,	655
Pike,	632		
Schuylkill,	1,594		
Sullivan,	339		
Washington,	429		
Wayne, (est.	600		
Westmoreland,	1,370		
Wyoming,	191		
York,	3,086		
Venango,	71		
	40,373		35,411
	36,411		
Dem. maj.	3,962		

THE NEXT CONGRESS.

The Pennsylvania delegation in the House of Representatives for the Thirty-eighth Congress will stand as follows:

1. Sam'l J. Randall, D.
6. John D. Stiles, D.
8. S. E. Ancona, D.
10. Myers Strouse, D.
11. Philip Johnson, D.
12. Chas. Dinnison, D.
14. Wm. H. Miller, D.
15. Joseph Bailey, D.
16. A. H. Coffroth, D.
17. Arch. McAlister, D.
21. John L. Dawson, D.
24. Jesse Lazear, D.
2. Chas. O'Neil, R.
3. Leonard Myers, R.
4. Wm. D. Kelley, R.
5. M. Rus. Thayer, R.
7. J. M. Broomall, R.
9. Thad. Stevens, R.
13. H. W. Tracy, I. R.
18. Jas. T. Hale, I. R.
19. G. W. Scofield, R.
20. Amos Myers, R.
22. J. K. Moorhead, R.
23. Thos. Williams, R.

Democrats, 11; Republicans, 10; Independent Republicans, 2; Indepen't Democrats, 1.

CITY MATTERS.

RENDEZVOUS FOR DRAFTED MEN.

Philadelphia has been selected as the rendezvous for the drafted men of this city and Northampton, Wayne, Bucks, Monroe, Delaware, Lehigh, Montgomery, Pike, Chester, and Carbon counties. The site selected is a large piece of ground, near Sixty-third and Vine streets, Twenty-fourth Ward, and Col. Lemuel Todd, of Carlisle, will take charge of the camp, which, when full, will contain near 5000 men. Tents for the accommodation of the men, expected shortly to arrive, are now being pitched, and in a few days the place will have quite a martial appearance. The draft throughout the State, excepting Philadelphia, took place on the 16th, and as the men selected receive furloughs, which have not yet expired, except in a comparatively few cases, there will be no large accession to the camp until next week. A few hundred men have reached the city, and these have been allowed a short furlough to enable them to supply themselves with blankets, and other articles of comfort.

A lively time may be expected when the drafted men are all called together. The camp will become a favorite place of resort, and thousands of our citizens will have the opportunity of witnessing the gathering of the largest body of soldiers ever seen in Philadelphia. The ground upon which the camp is located is admirably calculated to admit of battalion drills, and these may be expected in abundance.

Each precinct of the city is to be drafted by itself, the drafting-wheel containing at no one time any names but those on the enrolment of some one particular precinct. The name of each enrolled person, with his residence, will be distinctly written on a slip of paper, about two inches square, and placed in an envelope of yellow paper, about one inch square, with gummed edges. One name only will be placed in each of these envelopes, which will be sealed. The drafting will take place on Tuesday, at 10 o'clock, at the different places at which the Commissioners have heretofore been hearing claims for exemption. At the time fixed, the Sheriff of the county, or in his absence, such person as the Commissioner may appoint, shall, in the presence of said Commissioner, publicly place in the wheel the names of all those enrolled, and a proper person appointed by the Commissioner, and blindfolded, shall draw a number of ballots equal to the number of drafted men required.

ARRESTS BY THE WAR DEPARTMENT

Deputy Marshal Jenkins reached this city on Saturday, having in custody the Rev. I. Stine, who was arrested in Perry county, by order of the War Department. The prisoner, who was connected with the Lutheran church at Hagerstown, Md., has recently been employed by the War Department on special service; but it is alleged that sufficient facts are in the possession of the Secretary of War to show his disloyalty. Among other things, he is charged with having harbored Capt. Palmer, of the Anderson Cavalry, into the hands of the rebels, after the battle of Antietam, and to have preceded Stuart's cavalry into Chambersburg but a few hours. He is also suspected of having planned the capture of Gov. Curtin at Hagerstown. After being brought to this city, he was removed to Fort Delaware.

On Friday evening, Capt. Sherman was sent to Fort Delaware. It is alleged against him that he has been extensively engaged in assisting persons to avoid the draft. He had purchased, at different times, three of the vessels sold by the Prize Court of this city. He would clear his vessel for Havana, and when below Fort Delaware, would take on board as passengers citizens of Maryland desiring to avoid the draft. After proceeding on the voyage, the passengers were transferred to wrecking schooners off Nassau, and thus be taken to that port. His voyage would be continued to Havana, when his vessel would be sold, and he return to the city to repeat the venture.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

On Saturday last, Emma and Anna A., daughter of Jesse M. Christopher, Esq., formerly Commissioner of City Property, left this city in company with Mr. Harvey Ritchie, to visit some friends in Port Deposit, Maryland. On the arrival of the train at Havre de Grace, the party took the steamboat for Port Deposit, a town on the banks of the Susquehanna, a few miles above Havre de Grace, and when near their destination the sad accident occurred. It appears that Miss Anna A Christopher and Mr. Ritchie were standing on the hurricane deck of the boat, near the guards, which were very low, and the boat making a sudden lurch, both were precipitated into the river. Mr. Ritchie, it is stated, was a good swimmer, and by great exertions kept Miss Christoper's head above water for ten or fifteen minutes, but his strength failed him before any efficient means were resorted to to rescue them. and both sank to the bottom. The bodies have not yet been recovered.

Mr. Ritchie, who lost his life in attempting to save that of Miss Christopher, was a clerk in the office of the Philadelphia and Wilmington Railroad Co. He resided in Front street, near Wharton. Miss Christopher was in her twentieth year.

FIRE.

On

ARMY AND NAVY.

NAVAL ORDERS.

Lieut. Commander McCann has been detached from the Maratanza, and ordered to the command of the Hunchback.

Acting Lieut. Colhoun has been detached from the Hunchback, and ordered to the command of the Lodona.

Lieut. Commander C. S. Norton has been ordered to the Maratanza.

Acting Master W. G. Saltonstall is ordered to the command of the steamer Commodore Hull.

Acting Master L. Nathan Lewis is ordered to the steamer Vanderbilt.

COURT OF INQUIRY FOR GEN. MCDOWELL.

At the request of Major General McDowell, a Court of Inquiry, consisting of Generals Hunter, Cadwallader and Garfield, will meet in Washington this week, to investigate the military conduct of that gentleman.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, October 29, 1862.

TERMS

Of Subscription to the Dollar Newspaper.

PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE:

To Single Subscribers, one year	$1 00
Club of Six	5 00
Club of Thirteen	10 00
Club of Twenty, and one to the getter up of the Club	15 00
Club of Thirty-four, and one to the getter up of the Club	25 00
Club of Fifty-four, and one to the getter up of the Club	40 00
Club of Eighty, and one to the getter up of the Club	60 00
Club of One Hundred, and one to the getter up of the Club	75 00

ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted at Twenty-five Cents a line, each insertion.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"THIS HEART IS DEAD," we have filed for early publication.

"THE LOST LOVER" is very smoothly written, and, indeed, the story is interestingly told; but, it is too long for our present purpose. We could not publish a story of its length were it presented to us, and we certainly cannot in justice to ourselves and to writers whose stories we have had on hand for many months, become purchasers, to the delay of equally good stories. In a word, we have on hand several very superior original novellettes, which we are in duty bound to publish as rapidly as our space will permit. We are, therefore, not buying any stories at present.

THE FARMER

Our Agricultural readers will find their especial department of the Newspaper well supplied with matter both interesting and instructive. At this season of the year, the farmer has long evenings to read and to improve his mind, and to this end we have increased the amount of reading allotted to the Agricultural Department. No person should be without the "Newspaper" in his family.

"THE SKELETON IN THE HOUSE."

The original story of this title commenced in this week's number of the "Dollar Newspaper," is worthy the perusal of every lover of light reading. It is well conceived, of stirring interest, and most ingeniously worked out in plot. It will probably occupy some five weeks in publication, and, in our opinion, is quite equal, in all that constitutes a first class story, to any that has appeared in any newspaper within the last year. Read it carefully through.

USEFUL FRIENDS.

There are few passages more interesting, or more instructive in the Life of Sir Walter Scott, than those which exhibit his relations with his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, afterwards the able editor of the Quarterly Review. After the marriage with Sir Walter's daughter, the young folks resided at a cottage within a convenient distance, and helped him to entertain his company, while he in every way made use of his influence to push the fortunes of a distinguished young literary aspirant, of high abilities. The two families, by their very contrasts, supplied whatever was lacking in each other. Mr. Lockhart's more accurate and profound scholarship supplied any deficiencies of deep classic learning on the part of the great novelist, while his extensive antiquarian taste and lore gave a certain vein of quaint and practical turn to his son-in-law's knowledge. It was the union of old and young—of finished acquirements with the highest genius—of the magnificent old castle with the lively, happy and elegant cottage life. Sir Walter Scott was one of the chief promoters of the entire enterprise of the Quarterly Review, which afterwards furnished his son-in-law with the great occupation of his life, while Lockhart closed the eyes of his second father, in death, and wrote a biography of him which forms one of the most delightful and enduring specimens of that species of literature.

There are, we hope, few families in this land that are not upon terms of equal intimacy and mutual good will with some other, and where such family affection and confidence exist, the advantages are innumerable. The happiness of life depends more upon the friendships that are formed, than upon any other circumstance. This is especially true of family life. Every newly married pair have to begin life as a sort of joint experiment, to tread a new and untried path, and as children gather round them and have to be educated, they increasingly feel, if prudent, how much there is that is doubtful and unknown, at every advancing step. The experience of some friends who are strong where they are weak, and wise where they are inexperienced, will not only give sweetness but security to every family thus blessed. A thousand of the little comforts and enjoyments and sympathies of life are more dependent upon this sort of close and confidential friendship, than can well be imagined. Every joy is doubled by it, and every vexation halved. In the gravest matters there are few occasions on which one cannot help another greatly without any serious injury to himself, provided, it be only the *right* one, and that one knowing the whole matter and confident that he does know the whole.

The best way to have such friends suited to every occasion, is to act as far as possible to each one with whom one mingles, in a useful and friendly manner. Let a man or woman acquire the habit of making himself or herself really useful to all around without ostentation or pride or insincerity, and they will not lack friends. It is hollow and insincere professions that destroy real friendship, for truth lies at the basis of all that is worth having. How [illegible] men lose by the wont of more of this! The most useful, devoted and continued friendships are generally between those who are in some respects persons of very opposite characteristics. The old love the young and lean upon them, while the young venerate the old and become wise by their experience. Men fond of books and those whose knowledge is only from observation or experience, even persons of the most opposite principles, so that they have a basis of solid truths to work upon, will become better friends than those naturally too much alike. Hence it is that the true friend is often one that begins with prejudices to surmount if not enmities to overcome. The wise man, therefore, will act to every enemy as if he might one day become his friend.

IMPORTANT TO SOLDIERS.

We were, a day or two ago, shown an admirable article for soldier's wear, patented by Dr. Daniel Evans, and manufactured and sold by G. G. Evans & Co., of this city. It is of fine red flannel, inwrought and medicated, and shaped to cover and fit the entire stomach. This quilted pad is so braced by India rubber straps over the shoulder and around the body as to most effectually serve the purpose of abdominal supporters. Thus, while it aids the soldier in more easily maintaining an upright position, it protects the most delicate and sensitive portion of the person from dampness and cold, from which nearly all the diseases incident to camp life originated. No soldier, officer or private, should be without one of these protectors of the health of the body. Its use in the present army in the course of a campaign would be worth tens of thousands of men. The Government should favor its widest use, and every officer should encourage all to wear it. We consider it quite as important in the wardrobe of the soldier as the rubber blanket, and on the principle of the proverb, that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," is really of more value than the medicine-chest of the doctor. These "ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS" are tastefully finished with India rubber pockets, in which to carry and protect money, and other light valuables. They are of three sizes, and vary in price, according to size, from fifty cents to two dollars and a half.

BRIG.-GEN. JEFFERSON C. DAVIS.

It is stated that by an order from the War Department, this officer has been restored to his command. The same bureau, it is said, has decided that inasmuch as neither General Nelson nor General Davis was on duty at the time of the shooting of the former, the latter cannot be tried by military law, but is amenable only to the civil tribunals. This is, if correct, an important decision as regards General Davis. Had he been tried by military law, suspension from his command during the trial, and at least dismissal from the service as the result of the trial, must have been his punishment. If the War Department have decided that he is amenable only to a civil tribunal, General Davis will escape the immediate result of his offence, for, while in active service, he cannot be arrested. He will probably be indicted in Louisville, and, at some future time, tried there.

A NEW EDITION OF DICKENS.—Sheldon & Co., New York, have commenced the publication of a new edition of Dickens' novel, illustrated from drawings, by Darley. They are handsomely printed on good paper and neatly bound in cloth. Four volumes have been issued. Lippincott & Co. have them for sale.

Humphrey Marshall thinks Kentucky is worth two drops of rebel blood.

REVOLVING IRON-CLAD TURRETS.

A controversy has arisen between Captain Coles and Mr. Erricsson regarding the priority of invention of the iron-clad turret, but it appears that neither of them is entitled to the credit of originating it. In the New York Evening Post of June, 1843, there is an account of a model of a new battery of a circular form, presenting four tiers of guns. The battery revolved on its centre, and it was intended to represent a circular fort of 100 feet in diameter, made of plates of wrought iron. The account of it says: "By means of steam power under ground, which shall cause it to revolve on its centre, all the guns of this fort will be brought to bear at each revolution on a given object. The practicability of the plan remains to be tested, and the most important point would be to produce easy, uniform and rapid revolutions of so large a mass; though it would be smaller and less frail than some structures moved by mechanics at the present day." This is the first mention, so far as is known, of the revolving turret, the practicability of which has since been so admirably demonstrated by Erricsson. It does not detract from the merit of a man as an inventor, that somebody else has made a previous suggestion in reference to it. It is the man who gives the invention to the public in a practical form for public use, taking all the labor and risk in doing so, who is entitled to the public credit and the private profit of his enterprise.

THE POWER OF THE LOYAL STATES.

However much English journals may endeavor to depreciate and disparage the Union, the power exhibited by it in the war is having a remarkable effect upon European public opinion. No nation in Europe could carry on such an extraordinary war as ours for a few months without being eager for peace or ready for anarchy. The British mind is puzzled to account for our ability to maintain a million of men in the field, and still more for the readiness of these men to volunteer for the defence of the Government. All the predictions of financial ruin and inability to raise so large an army have so far failed, and though it is impossible for these prophets to conceal their chagrin, the facts are not without their effect in increasing the respect for a people who exhibit such extraordinary power, resources and endurance of calamities, which would destroy the best and most stable government in Europe. But the more the strength of the Republic shows itself the more desirous its enemies are to weaken it by division, and the more strenuously they argue for a separation. Their wishes are now expressed in argument, not in bluster and threats.

RESISTING THE DRAFT.

There were some indications within the last few days of opposition to the draft among the miners in Schuylkill co., but the trouble has been settled and the draft will be made. Opposition is doubtless promoted by mischievous persons with a view of embarrassing the Government, or perhaps bringing it into collision with the people. But the conduct of the instigators of such opposition is wicked as well as mischievous, for their advice will only lead their dupes into trouble, without freeing them from the duty required of them by the Government. The draft is authorized by law and is necessary to the prosecution of the war for the restoration of the authority of the Government. It is fairly made and must be executed. The Government has both the right and the power to do so, and it will exercise its power against any opposition. That evil-disposed persons must have stirred up the miners to opposition, is evident from the fact that they were among the first to offer their services to the Government at the breaking out of the rebellion, and we have no doubt will be found equally patriotic at the present time, if not led astray by bad advice.

THE LIBERIA PACKET.

The ship Mary Caroline Stevens arrived at Baltimore, and will leave for Liberia on Wednesday, November 12th, next. Letters or small packages for the Liberian settlements and the United States squadron on the African coast, will be forwarded by Dr. James Hall, Baltimore, or by Mr. William Coppinger, of this city. The disturbed condition of the country will prevent many emigrants from going now—including thirty in New Orleans, thirty-three in Kentucky, and eighty in Nashville, Tennessee. Small companies are expected to embark from Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, and other States. The Colonization Society furnishes, without charge, a comfortable passage and support for six months after arrival; and the Liberian authorities gives five acres of farm land to every worthy settler. The returning descendants of Africa become possessors, in that Republic, of all the rights and privileges of a citizen under any government.

THE BERMUDIANS STILL EXCITED.—The Bermudians appear to be greatly enraged at the presence of Admiral Wilkes and his fleet. The Admiral put in for coal, but he was notified that he could remain only twenty-four hours. Owing to some injury to one of his vessels he remained longer, and the Bermudians think it was done to insult them. One of the English correspondents says there is no liberty the Americans have taken during the rebellion which equals this. If that is the case the English residents there have really very little to complain of. Their prejudices against Admiral Wilkes for his action in the Trent case, predisposes them to find fault with him, and his presence in port prevents the rebel steamers engaged in running the blockade from getting out. The Bermudians seemed to fear that Wilkes would capture them in port.

REPORTED LOSS OF THE STEAMER QUAKER CITY.—There are doubts existing of the truth of the report of the loss of the Quaker City, whose officers and crew were from this port. Our New York correspondent, in a letter sent us on Thursday night, which did not reach us in time for insertion, had the following reference to this steamer. He says—

"Captain Moss, of the schooner Mary Stedman, which arrived at this port to-day, from Fernandina, Fla., states that he was boarded by the U. S. steamer Quaker City on the 12th inst., in latitude 24 deg. 30 min., longitude 80 deg. All hands were reported well. This would seem to throw some doubt upon the report that reaches us via Port Royal, that the Quaker City had been lost at some time anterior to the above date."

THE DRAFT AND SUBSTITUTES.—The draft' notwithstanding the long previous preparations, has taken some of our country friends by surprise, and they are flocking into the towns to procure substitutes, the price of which has run up considerably in consequence. In Harrisburg some sharp fellows have hired, at small sums, persons committed for small offences, and have disposed of them, as substitutes, for high prices. From three to five hundred dollars is paid for substitutes. This will put an end to recruiting for the present. All, however, cannot escape the draft in this way. Many are too poor to pay, and their families too dependent upon them to lose their labor. The State ought to provide for such families, so that they shall not suffer while the head of it is rendering service to his country.

THE CAUSE OF THE DELAY.—The delay in the forward movements of the army in Virginia, is said to arise from the want of shoes and clothing. Letters from the army, represent some of our soldiers as entirely destitute of shoes, and with no more clothing than is necessary to decency. This, with railroad communications open to all our large cities, shows shameful disregard of the soldiers' wants in some quarter, to say nothing of the injury to the public interests, from protracted delay. The War Department ought certainly to see that the army is properly provided for a forward movement.

CANCELLING LETTER STAMPS.—To prevent the cancelling ink marks upon letter stamps being obliterated, for the purpose of defrauding the Government, it is proposed that the Government reverse its rule, and use weak paper and strong gum. Any process of steaming, which lessens the tenacity of the paste, will also act in the same way to diminish the cohesion of the fibre of the paper. It can easily thus be made physically impossible to remove a letter stamp once attached, otherwise than in fragments.

THE BURNING OF THE REBEL STEAMER BLANCHE.—It is said that if the circumstances attending the destruction of the rebel steamer Blanche, at Cuba, are as reported, the Government will repudiate Captain Montgomery's act. His instructions do not warrant any such action, but they distinctly say that under no circumstances shall any vessel be seized within friendly waters. The instructions are full, complete and positive to respect and scrupulously regard the rights of foreign nations in asserting and exercising our own.

GOVERNMENT COTTON.—The entire cotton crop from the Carolina Sea Islands this season, raised by the contrabands, is estimated at not less than 3,500 bales. This has been grown and will be gathered under the direction of the Government. A small portion only will be ginned on the spot. Last season the amount of Government cotton was 2,000 bales, which sold for $600,000. What it cost the Government to produce this amount is not stated.

VESSELS FOR LIBERIA.—The brig Ann will sail in a few days from New York for the West coast of Africa. The packet Mary Caroline Stevens not having arrived, her regular time of departure for Liberia is deferred. On her arrival, now daily expected, her day of sailing will be announced. The emigration this fall will consist of persons from our own and the Northern and Western States.

SUBSTITUTES are in demand in the counties where the draft has been made, and it is said quite good prices are offered by wealthy farmers, who prefer the comforts of home to glory in the battle-field. Next week they will be in demand in this city.

AMUSEMENTS.

At the *Walnut Street Theatre*, Miss Charlotte Thompson, who gradually grows in favor with her audiences, has been re-engaged for six nights more, and will play through the entire week. During last week she produced a French play, called "Little Fadette," and as the character of "Fanchon, the Cricket," is one peculiarly adapted to her style and powers, she appeared to great advantage. Indeed her entire performance demonstrated powers and a knowledge of personation of characters, we had never before given her credit for. Her manner is truly feminine, with a strong tendency to the pathetic. Her whole soul is in the performance—she is the character created by the author, and nothing else. We have rarely witnessed more *abandon*, more yielding up of self to the genius of the playwright than she shows in the last two acts of this new play. The first three do not awaken much interest, and, unfortunately for the reputation of the author, many persons, having listened to it up to that point, have left the theatre with the impression that the whole play was tedious and without any great merit. In both incident and language it is up to the fourth act tame and commonplace. But, gradually, as the end is approached, the language and sentiment is more and more elevated, and the plot steadily quickens in interest. It is in these two acts that Miss Thompson's genius, power and mastery of mind shows itself with greatest force. Those who would witness a bit of truly feminine acting should avail themselves of the opportunity of seeing Miss T. in this play, should it be repeated.

At the *Arch Street Theatre*, this week, Mr. J. S. Clarke, now called the "funny man" of the American stage, succeeds Miss Bateman, who concluded, on Saturday evening, a long and very successful engagement—successful at least so far as large audiences are concerned. Miss Bateman is a novice as an actress, and lacking genius, it is hardly probable will ever rise above her present position, and, indeed, can hardly hope to maintain that she now occupies. Clark opened in "Toodles" and "Bob Acres," and of course to a great crowd.

Sanford's Opera Troupe, at the New Concert Hall Lecture Room, Chesnut street, has already become a popular place of resort. The entertainments as presented by Mr. S. are admirable in wit and minstrelsy. There is freshness and variety in the performence. Mr. Turner, the leading singer, is much appreciated.

The Eleventh Street Opera House of Carncross & Dixey will be particularly rich in all that conduces to the intellectual enjoyment of their patrons this week.

LITERARY RECORD.

The Book of Days—A Miscellany of Popular Antiquities. J. D. Lippincott & Co.: Philadelphia.

We are in receipt of Nos. 7 and 8 of this truly interesting enterprise, which has now progressed as far as the 14th of April, or three and a half months of the year. It is one of the most agreeable and varied works that we have ever read, and at the end of the year will bind up four or five large and handsome volumes of misscellany. It is not only handsomely printed on fine paper, but is also effectively illustrated.

The November Magazines—Harper's, Atlantic Monthly, Godey's Lady's Book, Peterson's National and Arthur's are all out and filled with matter suited to the tastes of their several classes of readers.

THE NEXT LEGISLATURE.

THE SENATE.

Those marked thus * are the newly elected members.

I. District.—Philadelphia—Jeremish Nicholson, N. U., Jacob E. Ridgway,* N. U., vice Parker, N. U.; C. M. Donovan, D.; George Connell,* N. U., (re-elected.)

II.—Chester and Delaware—Jacob S. Serrill, N. U.

III.—Montgomery—John C. Smith, D.

IV.—Bucks—William Kinsey, D.

V.—Lehigh and Northampton—George W. Stein, D.

VI—Berks—Hiester Clymer, D.

VII—Schuylkill—Bernard Reilly, D.

VIII—Carbon, Monroe, Pike and Wayne—Henry S. Mott, D.

IX—Bradford, Susquehanna, Sullivan and Wyoming—William J. Turrell,* N. U.

X—Luzerne—Jasper B. Stark,* D.

XI—Tioga, Potter, McKean and Warren—F. Smith,* N. U.

XII—Clinton, Lycoming, Centre and Union—Henry Johnson, N. U.

XIII—Snyder, Northumberland, Montour and Columbia—Frank Bound, N. U.

XIV—Cumberland, Juniata, Perry and Mifflin—George H. Bucher,* D.

XV—Dauphin and Lebanon—Amos R. Boughter, N. U.

XVI—Lancaster—William Hamilton, Jno. A. Hiestand, N. U.

XVII—York—A. Hiestand Glatz, D.

XVIII—Adams, Franklin and Fulton—William M'Sherry,* D.

XIX.—Somerset, Bedford and Huntingdon—Alexander Stutzman,* N. U.

XX.—Blair, Cambria and Clearfield—Wm. A. Wallace,* D.

XXI.—Indiana and Armstrong—H. White,* N. U.

XXII.—Westmoreland and Fayette—Smith Fuller, N. U.

XXIII.—Washington and Greene—George V. Lawrence, N. U.

XXIV.—Allegheny—John P. Penney, J. L. Graham,* N. U.

XXV.—Beaver and Butler—M'Candless,* N. U.

XXVI.—Lawrence, Mercer and Venango—James H. Robinson, N. U.

XXVII.—Erie and Crawford—Mowry B. Lowry, N. U.

XXVIII.—Clarion, Jefferson, Forest and Elk—Charles L. Lamberton, D.

RECAPITULATION.

National Union,	20
Democratic,	13
National Union majority	7

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Adams—Henry J. Myers, D.

Allegheny—John Gilfillan, N.U.; A. H. Gross, N.U.; William Hutchman, N. U.; Alfred Slack, N. U.; Peter C. Shannon, N. U.

Armstrong and Westmoreland—J. A. M'Cullough, D.; Samuel Wakefield, D.; Richard Graham, D.

Beaver and Lawrence—William Henry, N. U.; G. W. White, N. U.

Bedford—John Cessna, D.

Berks—Wm. N. Potteiger, D.; Charles A. Kline, D.; Daniel K. Weidner, D.

Blair—R. A. M'Murtrie, N. U.

Bradford—Bartholomew Laporte, N.U; Dammer Lilly, N. U.

Bucks—L. B. Labar, D.; J. R. Bolleau, D.

Butler—H. W. Grant, N. U.; H. C. M'Coy, N. U.

Cambria—Cyrus L. Pershing, D.

Carbon and Lehigh—Samuel Camp, D.; Thos. Craig, jr., D.

Centre—R. F. Barron, D.

Chester—W. Windle, N. U.; P. Frazer Smith, N. U.; R. L. M'Clellan, N. U.

Clarion and Forest—W. T. Alexander, D.

Clearfield Jefferson, McKean and Elk—C.R. Earley, D; J. C. Boyer, D.

Clinton and Lycoming—John B. Beck, D.; Amos C. Noyes, D.

Columbia, Montour, Wyoming and Sullivan—Geo. D. Jackson, D.; John C. Ellis, D.

Crawford and Warren—H. C. Johnson, N.U.; W. D. Brown, N. U.

Cumberland—J. P. Rhoads, D.

Dauphin—James Freeland, N. U.; Thomas G. Fox, N. U.

Delaware—Chalkley Harvey, N. U.

Erie—John P. Vincent, N. U.; E. W. Twitchell, N. U.

Fayette—Daniel Kaine, D.

Franklin and Fulton—Jonathan Jacoby, D.; Wm. Horton, D.

Greene—Patrick Donley, D.

Huntingdon—A. W. Benedict, N. U.

Indiana—J. W. Hustin, N. U.

Juniata, Union and Snyder—S. R. Hummel, N. U.; H. K. Ritzer, N. U.

Lancaster—Benjamin Champneys, N. U.; H. C. Lehman, N. U.; Nathaniel Mayer, N. U.; H. B. Bowman, N. U.

Lebanon—G. Dawson Coleman, N. U.

Luzerne—S. W. Trimmer, D.; Peter Walsh, D.; Jacob Robinson, D.

Mercer and Venango—James C. Brown, N. U.; M. C. Beebe, N. U.

Mifflin—Holmes M'Clay, N. U.

Monroe and Pike—Geo. H. Rowland, D.

Montgomery—S. W. Wimley, D.; H. C. Hoover, D.; Joseph Rex, D.

Northampton—D. C. Nieman, D.; A. C. Hess, Dem.

Northumberland—J. Woods Brown, D.

Perry—John A. Magee, D.

Philadelphia—Thos. J. Barger, D.; Samuel Josephs, D.; Samuel C. Thompson, D.; Richard Ludlow, D.; Geo. A. Quigley, D.; James W. Hopkins, D.; Francis McManus, D.; Albert R. Schofield, D.; Jefferson J. Young, D.; William Foster, N. U.; Joseph Moore, N. U.; Thomas Cochran, N. U.; James N. Kerns, N. U.; S. L. Pancoast, N. U.; Luke V. Sutphin, N. U.; W. F. Smith, N. U.; Edward G. Lee, N. U.

Potter and Tioga—A. J. Armstead, N. U.; C. A. Brown, N. U.

Schuylkill—Edward Kerns, D.; Conrad Graber, D.; Adam Wolf, D.

Somerset—————, N. U.

Susquehanna—D. D. Warner, N. U.

Washington—William Hopkins, D.; William Glenn, D.

Wayne—Wm. M. Nelson, D.

York—Joseph Dellone, D.; A. C. Ramsey, D.

RECAPITULATION.

	Dem.	N. U.
Senate,	13	20
House,	54	46
	67	66

Democratic majority on joint ballot, 1.

ADVICES from Kentucky are of a character to inspire an apprehension that the hope that Bragg with his whole army, or the greater portion of it, would be captured by Buell, will not be realized. The rebel General, after inflicting incalculable injury upon the people of Kentucky, is now in a fair way of safely leaving it, with all the plunder he had collected. He is now on his road to Tennessee, and it is probable that by this time he is in that State. That Buell will follow him into Tennessee, however, there is no doubt. The guerrillas, under the notorious Morgan, meanwhile, seem to have got round into Buell's rear, and are doing much mischief—though Gen. Dumont is after him, and expects soon to "bag" him.

WHAT A NAME!—Mr. Webb's new ram, building at New York, is called the "Dunderberg." Could not the Navy Department give our iron-clad vessels names more expressive of their character?

THE LATEST NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

IMPORTANT FROM M'CLELLAN'S ARMY.

An Advance Along the Whole Line.

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 26, 6, P. M.—I am happy to be able to inform you that the advance of the army of the Potomac commenced this morning, and I have reason to believe that before to-morrow night the movement will be general along the whole line, placing the Potomac in our rear.

At daylight this morning, the cavalry force of General Pleasonton, with four pieces of artillery, crossed the new pontoon bridge at Berlin, eight miles east of Harper's Ferry, and proceeded direct to Loyettsville, in Loudoun county.

At Lovettsville our cavalry entered about eight o'clock in the morning, and the few rebel pickets stationed there fled before them in the direction of Leesburg. The people of this loyal town, especially the ladies, received our troops with great enthusiasm, and the stars and stripes were thrown out in all parts of the town. Many of their fugitive husbands and sons returned with the cavalry, and the demonstration was most earnest and unmistakable.

Without stopping, except to leave pickets and a guard, General Pleasanton moved on in the direction of Waterford, expecting to reach Leesburg early in the afternoon. There was, at last accounts, a small force of rebel infantry and cavalry at Leesburg and there may possibly have been a fight there, unless they retreated on hearing of his approach.

Shortly after the cavalry advance had crossed, Gen. Burnside, with his second army corps, commenced crossing at the same point, and during the whole day the bridge was constantly under the tread of the advancing column. They proceeded in light marching order, though an immense train of wagons was waiting to follow them.

It was the intention of Gen. Burnside to rest for the night at Lovettsville, and move forward on Monday morning, in what direction was not known. The troops were in fine spirits, notwithstanding the bad weather, and cheered most lustily on their reaching the Virginia shore.

The troops on Bolivar Heights are also under marching orders, and it is thought will be in motion to-morrow. It is reported that the enemy have already retired from our front, withdrawing their pickets yesterday, apparently aware of our early advance.

We have also tidings from the upper line of the Potomac, showing that active movements are also on foot there. The rebels are said to have evacuated Martinsburg on Saturday.

Defeat of Rebel Cavalry in Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 26.—Colonel Edward McCook, acting Brigadier-General, with five hundred cavalry, left Crab Orchard, on Thursday morning, and encountered several bands of Morgan's and Isett's cavalry at Paint Lick and Big Hill, killing four or five, taking their telegraph operator and apparatus, with thirty-three prisoners and thirty wagons, partly loaded. The remainder of the rebels went towards Mount Vernon. Colonel McCook had two horses shot under him. At Richmond, our forces captured two hundred sick and wounded rebels, whom they paroled.

All reports of disobedience of orders by Generals McCook or Rosseau, or of their having been arrested, are absolutely false.

Capture of Galveston, Texas.

CHICAGO, Oct. 26.—A despatch from Memphis says that the Houston Telegraph, extra, of the 4th instant, confirms the news of the evacuation of Galveston.

It says that the Untted States Commander notified the people that four days would be allowed for the women and children to leave the city.

On the evening of the last day the rebel troops commenced evacuating the city, and much confusion prevailed.

The city was occupied by the U. S. troops on the 8th.

The Draft in Philadelphia Postponed

HARRISBURG, Oct. 27.—In accordance with the request of the City Government of Philadelphia, the Governor has ordered that the draft in that city be postponed for one week.

Another Report of European Intervention.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—A New York paper of this evening professes to have reliable information from some official circles in Europe that England and France have decided upon the recognition of the Rebel Government, if the joint offers of mediation, and an armistice for four or six months, to be proposed to Mr. Seward, are not accepted. They fear a slave insurrection, says the paper, after the 1st of January, and it is to afford their own citizens residing there ample protection, under the eyes of their regularly appointed agents, that England and France will claim the necessity of recognizing the new Government.

LORD LYONS' INSTRUCTIONS FOR HIS RETURN TO WASHINGTON.

[From London Army and Navy Gaz., Oct. 11.]

It is believed that Lord Lyons, who is expected to return to Washington in the course of this month, will be placed in a position to define the course and views of her Majesty's Government without any uncertainties or doubts in view of the various phases which the contest of North America may assume; and that the Ministry will have arrived at positive conclusions, and have determined their policy in reference to the affairs of the United States, before his lordship returns to his post. The views of Russia are, it is believed, assimilated to those which the march of events, and the "*inexorable logic of accomplished facts*" place broadly and clearly before the Government of the Queen and that of his Imperial Majesty.

Projected Operations of the Army and Navy.

AN ACTIVE CAMPAIGN ABOUT TO OPEN.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—The indications from all quarters are such as to give assurance that both the Army and the Navy will not much longer remain inactive, but will commence a plan of operations promising the accomplishment of the most important results. The preparations for this purpose are nearly completed and to such an extent as to preclude the probability of failure and to answer all demands from public and private sources for a more vigorous prosecution of the war with a view to a prompt suppression of the rebellion.

The appointment of Gen. Rosecrans to the command of which Gen. Buell has just been relieved is owing to the vigor but recently so conspicuously displayed by him, and as a compliment to his qualities as a soldier. Equal energy and ability will be expected of all entrusted with similar important duties; and there is also authority for stating that the Administration is determined that further injurious delays shall no longer be the subject of general complaint.

The programme includes, of course, an early movement of the Army of the Potomac.

There have been several reconnoissances during the past week on the southern side of the Potomac, and much valuable information obtained concerning the positions of the enemy, and Gainesville, New Baltimore, Haymarket, Thoroughfare Gap, Dumfries, Stafford Springs, Warrenton Junction, Manassas Junction, and other places, were within their field of observation. Our troops had occasional skirmishes, and both sides lost a few men in killed, wounded and prisoners. A scouting party who returned to Gen. Sigel's head-quarters last night, report that the rebel General Mumford, with a force of 1500, was at Purcellville, about 17 miles west of Leesburg, on the road to Sucker's Gap. A large patrol of the enemy is at Leesburg, Middleburg and Waterford.

THE REBELS RETREATING TO GORDONSVILLE.

WASHINGTON, October 26.—A reconnoissance from Gen. Sigel's command to Leesburg discovered the rebel General Mumford there with 1500 men and some artillery.

Another reconnoissance to Thoroughfare Gap discovered a small rebel force at New Baltimore.

The enemy is also reported at Warrenton, consisting of 2000 cavalry, some infantry and artillery.

The War in Missouri.

LEBANON, Mo., Oct., 24.—A party of rebels supposed to be 150 strong, crossed Springfield Road, twenty miles from this place yesterday afternoon. Information was received from Dallas county, at the same time that a rebel force was moving South, and were about twenty miles West. Major H. Caldwell started on the Springfield road in pursuit, at dark, with 120 men. At midnight information was recived that the rebel party were four miles to the west of the road, at sunset, and numbered 500 men; only one-half of them were armed. Major Caldwell was reinforced by a hundred men this morning.

Nothing has been heard of the rebels, or those in pursuit since. The rebels fell in with the Mail coach at the road crossing, capturing five passengers (all U. S. Officers), the horses, mails and drivers.

The War in Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, Oct 25.—A detachment sent out by Col. Bruce from Bowling Green, attacked Morgan's forces at Morgantown yesterday, capturing sixteen prisoners, whereupon Morgan's men retreated towards Rochester, where they were joined by Woodward and Johnson. Previous to their making this junction, Col. Shackleford, with his forces, had a fight with another band of Morgan's guerrillas, and captured twenty-seven prisoners. No further information has been received from Buell or Bragg's forces. Gens. Buell and Rousseau arrived here yesterday.

Suffering among the Contrabands at Cairo.

CAIRO, Oct. 25.—A fire at Blairville, Ky., last night, destroyed the principal hotel of the place, a livery stable, and two dwellings. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

The contrabands here number from 800 to 1000, and are suffering intensely. They are in want of the necessary clothing and bedding. Two of them are reported, by the attending physicians, as having died last night from exposure. They are nearly all women and children, and many of them are sick.

Official Result of the Ohio Election.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 26.—The official returns of the State election give a Democratic majority for Supreme Judge of 8740.

The Democratic vote has increased 35,000 over last year, and the Union vote decreased 28,000. The total vote of the State has fallen off 28,000 since the Presidential election.

Three inches of snow fell last night.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

MARRIED.

On the 23d, at the Arch Street House, by Rev. W. C. Robinson, DAVID WARREN and SARAH JANE LE COUNTE, of New Castle, Del. [Wilmington papers, and Smyrna Times please copy.]

Oct. 5th, by Rev. W. T. Magee, Mr. JOHN S. PIDGEON to Miss ANN UMSTEAD.

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 22, by Richard Young, Esq., Mr. GEORGE PRINTZ to Miss SALLIE J. CLEVINGER, all of Lower Merion, Montgomery county.

On the 23d instant, by the Rev. George C. Arnold, Mr. HENDRICK H. ELLISON and Miss MARGARET A. ACTON, both of Philadelphia.

On the 23d instant, in this city, by the Rev. A. Reinke, Mr. JOHN B. VAIL, of New York, to Miss MARIA C. ECKERT, of Philadelphia, daughter of Jacob Eckert. [New York papers please copy.]

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. John G. Wilson, Mr. JOHN W. KEYSER, to Miss FRANCES HAUSER, all of this city.

CRAIG—HASLET.—On the 23d inst., by Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. CHARLES D. CRAMP and Miss ALMIRA M. HASLET, all of this city.

DIED.

BARTON.—On the 9th of September, on board steamer Santa Martha, at Congo, South America, CHARLES S. BARTON, aged 29, son of Joseph and Sarah Wrigley, Cherry st., Philadelphia.

BLACK.—On the 24th inst., WM. BLACK, of Fort Richmond, in the 83d year of his age.

CALLAHAN.—In Camden, on the 24th inst., JOHN CALLAHAN, aged 41 years.

CLARK.—On Wednesday morning, October 22d, SUSANNA A. CLARK, wife of Richard Clark, in the 25th year of her age.

CLYMER.—On the 24th instant, MAGGIE H. CLYMER, in her 23d year.

COLLINS.—On the 23d instant, Mrs. MARY COLLINS, aged 57 years.

COLLINS.—At Richmond, from wounds received at the battle of Gaines Hill, on the 27th June, 1862, JESSE COLLINS, of Company E, 4th Regiment P. R. V. C., son of the late Robert Collins, in the 36th year of his age.

CRONING.—Killed, on the 20th inst., while on a march, JOHN CRONING, private in Co. H, 23d Regiment, P. V.

MCGETTIGAN.—On the 23d inst, PATRICK MCGETTIGAN, aged 38 years.

MCKEE.—On the 23d, PATRIOK MCKEE, aged 62 years.

PEIRSON.—On the 23d instant, Mrs. ANN C. PEIRSON, wife of Robert A. Pierson, in the 33d year of her age. [Delaware papers please copy.]

HEIMSTREET'S INIMITABLE HAIR RESTORATIVE.

IT IS NOT A DYE.

But restores gray hair to its original color, by supplying the capillary tubes with natural sustenance, impaired by age or disease. All *instantaneous dyes* are composed of *lunar caustic*, destroying the vitality and beauty of the hair, and afford of themselves no dressing. Heimstreet's Inimitable Coloring not only restores hair to its natural color by an easy process, but gives the hair a

LUXURIANT BEAUTY,

promotes its growth, prevents its falling off, eradicates dandruff, and imparts health and pleasantness to the head. It has stood the test of time, being the

ORIGINAL HAIR COLORING,

and is constantly increasing in favor. Used by both gentlemen and ladies. It is sold by all respectable dealers, or can be procured by them of the commercial agent, D. S. BARNES, 202 BROADWAY, N. Y. Two sizes, 50 cents and $1. oct-4t$

LYON'S KATHAIRON.—All who value a beautiful head of hair, or the preservation of their hair from premature baldness or turning gray, cannot fail to use this delightful article. It has been used by twenty million people in the last twelve years, and is still growing in favor. It has recently been much improved in effect, and is again owned and put up by the orignal proprietor. Its effects upon the hair are wonderful. It gives the hair a rich, soft, luxuriant beauty, obtained by no other article. It is sold by all dealers at 25 cents per bottle.

oct-4t$ D. S. BARNES & CO., New York.

S—T—1860—X.—DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS—Exhausted Nature's great Restorer.—A delightful beverage and active tonic. Composed of pure St. Croix Rum, roots and herbs. It invigorates the body, without stimulating the brain. It destroys acidity of the stomach, creates an appetite, and strengthens the system. It is a certain cure for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diarrhœa, Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache, and prevents Miasmic disease from change of diet, water, &c. It can be used at all times of day by old or young, and is particularly recommended to weak and delicate persons. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
202 Broadway, New York

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HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE UNION ARMY.

"*AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A POUND OF CUR

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ice farmers would raise such sheep as were
ost profitable.
Judge Colburn thought it would not be so easy for farmers to sell their wool in peace times as now, full of grease and dirt.
A resolution was now introduced by some one, and read by the Secretary, that it is the sense of this Convention that we should strive to produce wool and not oil. This was evidently intended for those who run upon a strain of sheep with very oily fleeces. The resolution was debated quite earnestly, and at first seemed likely to pass, but in the end would have been almost unanimously voted down, if it had not been withdrawn. So much for the advantage of discussion.
Judge Colborn thought that although Vermont has the best flocks in America, we are tending too strongly toward producing very oily fleeces, which weakens the constitution of the sheep. Some of the high-priced bucks sold to go West have two pounds of oil to one pound of wool.
Mr. Cushing said that many breeders are now satisfied that very oily sheep are not as profitable as others that keep up the same fineness and length of fibre, with just oil enough to protect it. He is satisfied that very oily sheep are not hardy, and that some of the most profitable Vermont flocks show a small amount of oil. He has sheared bucks of this kind that gave sixteen to twenty pounds of wool.
George Campbell, of Westminster West, thought that much of the oil was made by feeding; that he could by that means make the same sheep show more or less oil. He is sure that those that run more to oil are of a weaker constitution than others. He had travelled much in this country and in Europe in pursuit of knowledge about sheep, and is satisfied that Vermont has the best stock in the world, better than Spain. He has tried all sorts, and settled upon the Spanish merino as the most profitable breed; and he is also satisfied that it is not profitable to wash sheep, because by not doing it he can shear early, say about May 1, and protect the sheep a few days, and they are not injured, and thus he saves wool. When he used to wash and turn out to pasture, much wool was lost upon briers and bushes.
He is sure that, one year with another, his clip sells for more money unwashed than it would washed, and he saves the labor and health of his sheep. The wool clipped early looks better, and often is better, than washed wool. Some buyers think that heavy fleeces must be dirty; and, to avoid this objection, he has divided and tied up two to a sheep, and then they sold without any objection. It is now ten years since he has practiced washing sheep.
Mr. Cushing practices the same plan of dividing heavy fleeces, and finds it works well.
An old farmer present remarked that he had learned something in this respect to pay him for the trouble of attending this convention.
It was unanimously voted to continue to hold similar meetings at each State Fair, and that the question discussed here be earnestly considered by all Vermont wool-growers.—*N. E., in N. Y. Tribune.*

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

THE APPLE CROP.

What are we to do with the immense crop of apples, which a kind Providence has sent us? In my locality, and in Westchester county generally, they hang on the trees like bunches of onions, and the recent gales have strewn them on the ground by the cartload. The question, I repeat, is, "What shall we do with them?" I told the boys, a few days since, to gather up a dozen barrels or so of the best of them, send them to the sloop and see what they would bring. On her return from New York, we were informed that they brought *eighteen pence* a barrel, which did not pay for carting them to the sloop, to say nothing of the labor of picking up and sorting!
A friend near me sent to the city some handpicked Greenings, headed up, and all they netted him was three shillings a barrel, which would not much more than pay for the picking. The cidermakers about here offer eight cents a bushel for the apples, delivered, but this is not much better than sending them to New York. That good sound apples, later in the season, will be worth a great deal more than they are at present, I firmly believe, and I, for one, shall therefore hold on to my handpicked apples in preference to slaughtering them at 37½ cents per barrel, payable in counterfeited and defaced" postage stamps. The poorer apples, or windfalls, instead of selling at eight cents a bushel, I shall turn into cider. This will bring me $4 per barrel, and even if there is no sale for it at present, it is worth that sum for vinegar almost any day. I shall thus be the gainer of $3 on every ten bushels of apples, allowing that quantity to the barrel of cider or vinegar, and 25 cents for pressing. This surely is the best policy for all to pursue who have a large crop of apples, and no better market for them than in the section where I reside.
Rye, N. Y., 1862. F. A. A.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RECIPES.

APPLE JELLY.—Twenty golden pippins; sugar, one lemon; peel and core the apples; put into a preserving kettle with one pint and a half of water; stew until tender, then strain the liquid through a cullender; to every pint put a pound of fine sugar, add grated orange or lemon, then boil to a jelly.
FROSTED FRUIT.—Beat whites of eggs and dip in the fruit; then lay it in finely powdered sugar; lay them on a pan, with white paper under, and set them in an oven nearly cool to dry. When the icing is firm, pile them on a dish and set in a cool place.
ICE CURRANTS.—Take a large bunch of ripe currants; have them clean; whisk the whites of an egg to a froth, and dip them in it; lay them on a seive or plate, not to be touched; sift double refined sugar over them very thick, and dry them in a cool oven.
LEMON PIES.—Pare two lemons; take out the seeds; chop the rind and pulps; add one egg, a piece of butter, a small teacupful of flour; three cups of sugar, two of water; bake in a paste. This quantity will make two pies.
SOFT CAKE IN LITTLE PANS.—One cup and a half of sugar; the same of butter; eight eggs, and a half of a nutmeg, or without, if preferable.
DELICIOUS SODA JELLY CAKE.—One teacup of sweet cream; two of sugar; two eggs; half a teaspoonful of soda; one do. cream of tartar stirred in the flour; flour to the consistency of batter-cakes. Bake immediately.
PEACHES FOR TEA.—They should be pared and cut in slices, and covered with sugar and sweet cream. THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BLACKBERRIES AND RASPBERRIES.

One of your correspondents gave as a reason for the cause of raspberries and blackberries growing where pine forests formerly stood, that it was the condition of the soil. I would like to inquire of him, if it is the condition of the soil that produces wild rye, oats and wheat on our Western Prairies? If so, why is it that after the soil has been once turned, you never see another spire of either kind of wild grain; not even the prairie grass will ever grow after being once turned under. He says: "For instance: take the earth from the bottom of a well, wash all vegetable matter and seeds out of it, expose it to the sun's rays, atmosphere, dews, &c., apply woodashes, and a fine growth of white clover will be produced." Now go through the same process here, and instead of white clover, you will get wild oats, or wheat. I am no philosopher, but am merely inquiring for information. I will give my opinion, however, and if there can be a better theory brought up, I would like to hear it. I think that all grain, vegetables and fruits at one time grew wild, and our tame fruits, as we call them, are an improvement of the wild fruit. The seeds have been scattered over the country by the wind and carried by birds so that it is nothing remarkable about wild blackberries growing far away from any civilization. G. B.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRY ANSWERED.

TO TAN SMALL SKINS.—In answer to the inquiry relative to the tanning of small skins, I will give my practice, which is as follows: For tanning small skins, such as deer or goat, for waistcoats, or catskin for gloves, take one pound of alum to five pounds of hide; a double hand ful of wheat bran, and a double handful of salt—all which dissolve in warm water, and put the skin in and let it stand for from twenty-four to forty-eight hours; then take out and dry, and then it is done—that is with the hair on. The skin of the ground-hog may be treated in the same manner. To tan with the hair off, the skin must be soaked in strong lime-water till the hair comes off, and then treated as directed for tanning with the hair on. D. C.

A SHIP AT SEA.

In a cottage that stood on the wild sea shore,
A little one sat neath the vine-wreathed door;
Shadowed and sad was the childish face,
On the soft, pink cheek shone the tear-drop's trace:

For the cherished toy—best loved by all—
The poor little waxen-faced, blue-eyed doll
Was broken; smile not at the childish pain,
Nor the tears that were dropping like silver rain.

But the gentle mother, with loving tone,
Said, bending down by the little one,
And kissing the mouth and the dimpled chin,
"Don't cry, my love; when our ship comes in
We will get a new dolly, oh far more fair,
With brighter eyes and with softer hair;
Now dry your tears, for 'twill surely be
When our ship comes in from the far, wide sea."

Oh, that ship to come! and how oft before
Had the bright eyes watched from the cottage-door,
As with eager gaze they were watching now
For the gleaming sail and the rushing prow;
But oft she run to her mother's side,
Her sweet blue eyes with the gladness wide,
As she pictured the wonderful pleasures to be
When our ship came in from the distant sea.

The dearest gift and the best of all
For her little heart, was the darling doll;
But oh! there were treasures unknown, untol
All safely stowed in its precious hold:
And standing thus with her beaming eyes,
The tears all gone and the childish sighs,
She turned the sweet face with its smiles to m
And said, "Have you any ships at sea?"

Child! you did not know the wild throb of pain
Those light words sent through my heart and brain;
Ah! we all have ships on the stormy sea,
Ah! weary watchers for them are we;
And when the tempest and cloud are rife—
When storms sweep over the sea of life,
With tearful eyes, by the sounding shore,
We watch for them—we have watched before;
But of all who weary and trembling wait
For the coming ships with their precious freight,
'Tis known, O Father! to none but Thee,
If they safely arrive or be lost at sea.

THE REBELLION.

FIGHTING NEAR NASHVILLE.

A Brilliant Affair by General Negley.

LOUISVILLE, October 14.—Some gentlemen reached here from Nashville, yesterday, having been robbed on the road by guerrillas of all their money and everything of value.
To one Dr. M. R. Rawson, of Fremont, I am indebted for copies of the Nashville Union, which contain full accounts of the breaking up of the rebel camp of Gen. Anderson at Lavergne.
Gen. Negley ordered Gen. Palmer to move with his command, and instructed Col. Miller to co-operate in the movement. The whole force moved promptly at 9 o'clock, on the night of Monday, 6th, consisting of the Twenty-first Illinois, Col. Miles; first section of the First Kentucky Battery, Lieut. Nell; part of the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, Capt. May; two sections of Capt. Hotaling's Illinois Battery; Col. Stoke's; First Middle Tennessee Cavalry. Palmer's force keeping straight on the Murfreesboro' road, while Miller commanded four regiments of infantry, took a direction left of the railroad. Palmer arrived at Lavergne at half-past three o'clock on Tuesday morning. Miller did not arrive in front of the enemy until the battle had begun, which was at daylight. Before the encounter, Palmer took prisoners some men who were on picket duty at Lavergne, and sent them to Nashville.
The enemy, under Gen. S. R. Anderson, opened upon Palmer, and attempted to flank him by throwing the Thirty-second Alabama on his right. The enemy with one gun opened, but Hotaling's battery, a short distance off, returned fire from sections. The second shot from our artillery went through the enemy's powder magazine, which immediately blew up, causing complete destruction of the whole wagon and everything around it. About this time the Alabama regiment above referred to, made a hostile demonstration upon Palmer's flank, but Miller's force, consisting of the Eighteenth Ohio, Lieut. Col. Given; Twentieth, Lieut. Col. Niebling; Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania, Col. Serwill; Fourteenth Michigan, Colonel St. Clair, arrived through a cornfield, throwing his force across the front and on the Murfreesboro' road on the right. The Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania halted in front of the retreating enemy when he attempted to pass his line to our left.
Serwill threw his regiment rapidly by the left flank, completely in front of the enemy. During all this time the artillery was playing upon them with telling effect. The cavalry dashed against the line of the Seventy-eighth, but was met by a succession of volleys of musketry. The Thirty-second Alabama quickly threw down their arms, and the cavalry elevated a white flag, but the captain of the artillery not seeing it, kept firing.
The cavalry then fled in great confusion into the woods. Meantime the Eighteenth Ohio had arrived nearly at the place where the enemy's artillery made the first position, and by order of Miller deployed as skirmishes to sweep the woods recently occupied by the Alabama regiment. The men swept the woods clear back by the camp, and took numerous prisoners, among them Col. Maury. Miller, learning Palmer's infantry had gone in the same direction, withdrew the Eighteenth Ohio.
Firing in corn fields in front of the battery had, by this time, become scattering and irregular, and soon ceased. The Fourteenth Michigan and Twenty-first Ohio had each taken an active part, and secured many prisoners. Negley, at an early hour on Tuesday morning, deeming it expedient to risk no sacrifice of troops, sent out reinforcements from Nashville, consisting of the Twenty-second Illinois, Tenth and Eleventh Michigan, and a battery. Negley taking immediate command.
Reinforcements proceeded to within a mile of the Insane Asylum, when met by Stokes and his regiments. The first remark the Colonel made to the General was: "General, we've got him." "Well," said the General, "what have you got?" "Why George," ejaculated Stokes, "we've got everything—two colonels, several other commissioned officers, and nearly three hundred men; all small arms, guns, flour, bacon, and all the necessaries we could carry after filling our own and all the enemy's wagons, and every species of cart we could press."
The rebels had but one gun, which was captured. We also took from the enemy four hundred small arms, a regimental color, fifty-six sacks of flour, several hundred weight of bacon, forty beeves, and a number of horses. Our loss, as far as ascertained, four killed and seven wounded. The rebel loss, killed thirty-eight; wounded; number of prisoners, over three hundred; two Colonels, several Captains and Lieutenants, ordnance officers, and a squad of Sergeants and Corporals. Many of the prisoners state that they are sick of the war, and quite willing to quit fighting and return home.
The rebel forces were under the command of Gen. Samuel Anderson, and that individual informed his men that reinforcements were necessary, and started towards Murfreesboro' for them, and has not been heard of since. The cavalry were respectively under John T. Morgan, Clifford McKinstry.
Among the officers captured are Lt. Col. A. R Lungford, 38th Alabama; Capt. W. F. Thompson; Sergeants S. C. Gallier, S. S. Parker, J. Digges, J. N. Daniels and A. Duffin, 3d Alabama; T. Deestrick, First Lieutenant Biffiet's Cavalry; Corporals J. H. Livingston, F. Blaunt and Sergeant Thomas Fincher, 32d Alabama; Col. Harry Maury, 32d Alabama, Mobile, was sick in camp during the fight, and unable to take part. He was brought to Nashville, by Palmer, in an ambulance.

THE BATTLE OF THE HATCHIE.

COMPOSITION OF THE UNION AND REBEL FORCES.

We have already given, from the Chicago Times' correspondent, thrilling details of the battle of Corinth: and now give, from the same source, the annexed details of the subsequent battle of the Hatchie—fought after the retreat of the rebels from Corinth, by the same troops.
[Special Correspondence of the Chicago Times.]
BOLIVAR, Tenn., Oct. 7.—Before describing the battle of the Hatchie, let me give your readers a statement of the rebel forces which first attacked Corinth, and then were attacked on the retreat. It is a statement which comes through sources and circumstances which render it entirely reliable. Two army corps, under the command of Van Dorn and Price, composed this force. Each corps was composed of two divisions. One division in each corps was composed of four brigades each, and the other of three brigades each, making in all fourteen brigades. Each brigade was composed of four regiments, in all fifty-six regiments of infantry. Three thousand cavalry also formed a part of the army. Their artillery did not bear its usual proportion to the rest of the army, it being difficult of transportation over the country they had to traverse, and, in their proposed attack upon Corinth, they chose to rely upon the impetuosity of infantry charges. The force of the rebels cannot be figured below thirty thousand, and the lowest claim I have heard made by any of the rebel prisoners was twenty-two thousand.
Late on Friday afternoon, Oct. 3d, General Hurlbut received orders to telegraph for Gen. Grant to march his division towards Corinth, to said General Rosecrans in his defence of that place, or to aid in cutting off the retreat of the enemy, should he be beaten back from the attack he was then making on that point. By three o'clock on Saturday morning the division was on the march. The division was under the command of Brigadier General Hurlbut.
Saturday was an excessively hot day, but, notwithstanding this, the little army had marched by the road twenty-six miles through the dust and heat, and they encamped five miles from the Hatchie river, on what is called the State line road. During the last half of this march the cavalry was incessantly engaged with that of the rebels, and did gallant service in clearing the way. The presence of the enemy in force being ascertained, our troops bivouacked in line of battle.
The country in the vicinity of the river is very broken—short, steep hills, and the valleys filled with a thick underbrush of timber. Our army was faced directly east on the line which divides the State of Mississippi, approaching the Hatchie river, which, at the point of crossing, runs nearly from the south to the north.
The enemy had not only strongly posted himself on the opposite side of the river on Saturday evening, but had thrown a force on considerable infantry force across the river and a battery of artillery of four guns, and planted it immediately in front of the bridge.
Early in the morning our army began to move, shelling the heights with the artillery, the 11th Illinois and 28th Indiana acting as skirmishers, and, together, driving the enemy's cavalry and skirmishers from every position. Soon after the march commenced, Major General Ord arrived on the field and took the chief command.
The first important contest was opened about 9 o'clock, for the possession of the hill whose slopes and the bottom beyond stretched three-quarters of a mile to the bridge across the river. The enemy had planted a battery of four 12-pound howitzers immediately in front of the bridge, to protect the advance of their infantry, which had already been massed in the timber on both sides of the wood. During the fire of this artillery upon the hill, our line of battle was advancing up the opposite side preceded by artillery. Bolton's Battery was quickly planted in position on the hill, which was no sooner perceived by the enemy than they started a column of infantry on their left, facing our right, to flank it, which movement was checked by throwing out Burnap's Battery to the right of Bolton's Battery some distance, which opened upon the advancing column of rebel infantry a most destructive fire of grape, and cannister, which, with the aid of some sharp practice of our infantry, sent the whole mass helter-skelter back through the timber, across an open field, and into the woods beyond, so far that they were never seen afterwards. Immediately after, both batteries were brought to bear upon that of the rebels in front of the bridge, and, after a sharp contest, were enabled to silence it.
The first line of battle had been formed by the Second Brigade, the first being held as a reserve. General Veach led on his line in gallant style. His right was speedily engaged by fresh troops, which the enemy had thrown across the bridge and deployed to their left, but with little effect in stopping the onward march of our troops. The left wing of our column, with Captain Fox in its lead, were feeling their way through a point of timber and over a deep gully, and endeavoring to draw the fire of the rebels posted to the right of their battery. This they did not succeed in doing until they reached an open space, when the fire of the rebels told plainly where they were, and that in numbers not to be despised. The infantry engagement which followed was sharp, short and decisive. In twenty minutes from the time the rebels opened their fire, four hundred of them threw down their arms and surrendered, while hundreds of others escaped, some by throwing themselves into the river and reaching the opposite bank; a few made good their retreat across the bridge; others broke for the right and left, some throwing away their arms in their flight. The rebel battery was then drawn to our rear. During this march down the hill, Colonel Davis, of the 46th Illinois, was severely wounded, while gallantly leading his regiment, and the command devolved upon Lieutenant Colonel J. J. Jones.
During this time the rebels opened another battery on an eminence a quarter of a mile in rear of the bridge, and commanding it, and were throwing a galling fire from it, as well as from their infantry lined every available point on that side of the river. At this time General Hurlbut was just bringing up the reserve brigade, or all of it but two companies, which proves the desperate character of the engagement. All of the artillery was also being hastened forward. "Pretty warm work," says Gen. Ord to Gen. Hurlbut. "Not very," was the cool reply. "That battery," pointing to the one across the bridge, "must be silenced," said the commander. "It shall be in twenty minutes," was the reply. Some doubt being raised as to the proper point of placing a section of Bolton's battery. "Show me the place," said Senior Lieut. J. N. Moore, "and I will plant it there, if it is in ——." Such was the spirit and determination of the whole army. Gen. Ord had just ordered the Fifty-third Indiana to cross the bridge, and they were doing so under a most terrible fire from the battery and from the infantry of the enemy, when Gen. Ord received a shot in the leg, just above the ankle-joint, the ball, fortunately, passing between the bones of the leg, but necessarily disabling him from further immediate duty. This was not far from 10 o'clock.
The Fifty-third Indiana was struggling against a storm of lead and iron which swept the entire length and breadth of the bridge. The Twenty-fifth Indiana, the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Illinois, sprang in to share the danger, and all pushed through the storm, the Indiana troops crowding close along the narrow space between the road and the river, which made a short bend just above the bridge; the Illinois troops deploying to the left. Col. Morgan, of the Twenty-fifth Indiana, I believe, was the first to cross the bridge. The Twelfth Michigan, the Sixty-eighth Ohio, and the Forty-sixth Illinois immediately followed, and all the artillery was close in their rear, and opened fire as soon as it was fairly across, while General Lauman's brigade was hurrying up the steps in the rear. The desperate affray that closed up the glory of the day for the most of these troops, deploying to the left, drove the rebel infantry from every position they attempted to maintain, and Col. Hall and Lieut. Col. Rogers led their regiments up the hill to flank the rebel battery.
Gen. Veatch here received a stroke on the head of his scabbard from a passing round-shot, which for a time completely paralyzed him. The rebel battery, perceiving the loss of its infantry support, and the imminent danger it was in from our advancing columns, was rapidly hauled off to another eminence, some distance to the northwest of its old position, when the hill in front of the bridge was immediately occupied by the First Missouri, and Burnap's batteries. Bolton's Battery was planted on another eminence to the left, and the Fifteenth Ohio still further to the left. Another rebel battery opening upon the Fifteenth Ohio, Burnap's was ordered to its assistance, and in these positions our artillery, at 4 o'clock, could find no reply to their discharges, nor discover the retreating forms of the enemy.
The weary troops camped on the ground of their victory. The cavalry followed up the retreating rebels, who, in small squads, made their way for Cram's Mills, six miles up the river, where they effected a crossing, and kept up their retreat all night.
In the morning our troops gathered up the fruits of their victory—four rifled howitzers, five caissons, one thousand stand of arms, five hundred small arms, a few horses and mules. Between four and five hundred prisoners were sent to Bolivar, many more there are yet retained. After scouring the country in every direction for two days, the army returned to Bolivar.
The enemy, scattered and broken as he has been in his attack upon Corinth, and in being attacked at the Hatchie River, had undoubtedly made the best of his way to Holly Springs, where the rebel prisoners report Pillow in command of about six thousand men, most of whom are the lately exchanged prisoners. General Ross started with his division South last night.

KENTUCKY.

Three-Fourths of the State Redeemed.

WHAT REMAINS TO THE REBELS AND WHAT THEY ARE LIKELY TO DO WITH IT.

[Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.]
LOUISVILLE, Oct. 14.
A month ago, Kentucky seemed dropping bodily from the nervous national grasp. Over the whole Southern half of the State the Rebels held undisputed sway.
To-day more than half the State again rests in peace under the National banners. So much for our ten days' campaign. Heaven send us another ten as successful and our triumphant armies of the West, taking this turning tide of fortune at its flood, may pour on resistlessly toward the Gulf.
Of the present situation, briefly, this is what may be told:
The rebels—Bragg, Kirby Smith and John Morgan—have concentrated all their forces in Kentucky and in and about Camp Dick Robinson, in Garrard county, just on the southern border of the Blue Grass and on the road to Cumberland Gap or any of the other outlets through the mountains of that region into Eastern Tennessee. They are 102 miles, in an air-line, south from Cincinnati, 85 southeast from Louisville and 27 south from Lexington; while in their rear they have a mountainous road of not less than 75 miles by any of the route they can select, before they can escape into Tennessee.
Their position at Camp Dick Robinson is in many respects a good one. It commands the junction of seven macadamized roads, leading either to Lexington and Cincinnati, or through Danville and Bardstown to Louisville, and of the roads leading south to Cumberland Gap, or to the passes through which Zollicoffer last winter entered Kentucky. Eight miles north of the camp is the Kentucky river, whose precipitous banks form an admirable line of defence against any attack from the direction of Cincinnati.
Two miles west is Dick river, a small tributary of the Kentucky, likewise flowing between high, continuous cliffs. This stream is doubtless fordable anywhere now, but the cliffs on its eastern side form also a fair line of defence against attack by Buell's army from the direction of Danville, and the late battlefield. The Dick and Kentucky rivers form nearly a right angle. Within this angle, protected on the north by the Kentucky and on the west by the Dick, from direct attack by either Buell or Granger, the rebel army finds a good point for concentration, while they must also defend it till their immense supplies of army stores, the accumulations of their prolonged foraging expedition to Kentucky, are removed southward.
They must have here, all told, from fifty to seventy thousand men, and with that force they can doubtless make a good defence from immediate attack.
Still their position is not in all respects a good one. There are numerous points to the eastward of Camp Dick Robinson, where the Kentucky could be crossed by the column moving from Cincinnati, which could thus reach their unprotected flank or rear. So, too, there is little to prevent a detour southward from Danville by Buell, which would thus not only turn their position, but go far towards rendering their retreat impracticable.
Knowing this as they do, it scarcely seems probable that the rebels will choose Camp Dick Robinson to make their last stand in Kentucky, unless other than purely military considerations intervene. A march of twelve to twenty miles backward will bring them to Crabb Orchard or Bigg Hill, either of which places affords many better locations for advantageously selecting their own field of battle. They cannot well leave their present position till the fruits of their Kentucky conflagration and foraging have been removed; they will scarcely stay after that is accomplished. If Buell will only let them alone till they get their stores away, they will doubtless be well satisfied to retreat further.
The impression still seems general that they will not leave the State without fighting one great battle. If they do, it is safe to presume that they will pursue their usual strategy, pounce upon and severely punish the head of our pursuing column, and then retire with flying colors in the halo of their temporary triumph.
Of course, the stories that Buell has "surrounded the rebel army," "that he is driving them toward the Ohio river," and that "they are certain to be bagged," are all stuff. It is probable that more stupid nonsense has been written about this matter of "bagging" rebel armies than on any one other subject connected with the war. The rebels have the whole of Southeastern Kentucky in their rear, with not an enemy to oppose them. If Buell has a bag for them, therefore, he has been unfortunate enough to leave an enormous hole in it.
One thing can prevent a single regiment of the rebel army from escaping; that, is, to concentrate our immense army, precipitate it upon them, and follow up the victory. That done and flying squads through all the mountains of East Tennessee would tell the tale of their defeat, but not an organized regiment of rebels could leave the soil of the State they have invaded.
Meantime, the troops go forward, supplies are hurried out, everywhere activity and energy succeed the late sickening torpor, and the correspondent has hardly time to lament the folly of having left Washington, in the expectation of finding a long-delayed summer vacation in the West, while the Kentucky campaign was in progress.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PERILS IN THE AIR.

An Extraordinary Balloon Ascension, and What Came of It.

The last balloon ascension undertaken for scientific purposes was that of Mr. Glaisher, which took place in England in September. With utter disregard of safety or comfort, this gentleman has ventured upon scientific experiments at higher altitudes than any timid person would care to be, and although his last expedition nearly proved fatal to him, he has returned safely with a remarkable chapter of aerial experiences to narrate. The London Athenæum justly remarks that in his hands the balloon is restored to its old rank of a philosophical agent. Gay-Lussair has shown the men of science how to use the balloon for scientific purposes; but Mr. Glaisher, by his successive ascents, is add ing largely to our knowledge of the higher regions of the atmosphere.
The September ascension was made in Mr. Coxwell's great balloon, and the highest point reached was five and three-quarter miles. Mr. Glaisher's interesting narrative of this voyage thus describes the effects of the atmosphere at different altitudes:

THE FREEZING POINT AT TWO MILES.

When we attained the height of two miles, at 1 h. 21 min., the temperature had fallen to the freezing point; we were three miles high at 1 h. 28 m., with a temperature of 18 deg.; at 1 h. 39 m. we had reached four miles, and the temperature was 8 deg.; in ten minutes more we had reached the fifth mile, and the temperature of the air had passed below zero, and there read minus 2 deg.; and at this point so dew was observed on Regnault's hygrometer when cooled down to minus 30 deg. Up to this time I had taken the observations with comfort. I had experienced no difficulty in breathing, while Mr. Coxwell, in consequence of the necessary exertion he had to make, had breathed with difficulty for some time.

DIMNESS OF SIGHT AT FIVE AND A QUARTER MILES.

At 1 h. 51 m. the barometer read 11.05 inches, but which requires a subtractive correction of 0.25 inch, as found by comparison with Lord Wrottesley's standard barometer just before starting, both by his lordship and myself, which would reduce it to 10.8 inches, or at a height of about 5¼ miles, I read the dry bulb as minus 5 degrees; in endeavoring to read the wet bulb I could not see the column of mercury. I rubbed my eyes, then took a lens, and also failed. I then tried to read the other instruments, and found I could not do so, nor could I see the hands of the watch. I asked Mr. Coxwell to help me, and he said he must go into the ring, and that would when he came down. I endeavored to reach some brandy, which was lying on the table at about the distance of a foot from my hand, and found myself unable to do so.

TOTAL LOSS OF POWER AT FIVE AND THREE-QUARTER MILES.

My sight became more dim, I looked at the barometer, and saw it between 10 and 11 inches, and tried to record it, but I was unable to write, I then saw it at 10 inches, still decreasing fast, and just noted it in my book; its true reading, therefore, was at this time about 9¾ inches, implying a height of about 5¾ miles, as a change of an inch in the reading of the barometer at this elevation takes place on a change of height of about 2500 feet. I felt I was losing all power, and endeavored to rouse myself by struggling and shaking. I attempted to speak, and found I had lost the power. I attempted to look at the barometer again, my head fell on one side; I struggled and got it right, and it fell on the other, and finally fell backward.
My arm, which had been resting on the table, fell down by my side. I saw Mr. Coxwell dimly in the ring. It became more misty, and finally dark, and I sank unconsciously as in sleep; this must have been about 2h. 58m. I then heard Mr. Coxwell say, "What is the temperature? Take an observation; now try."
But I could neither see, move nor speak. I then heard his speak more emphatically, "take an observation, now, do try." I shortly afterward opened my eyes, saw the instruments and Mr. Coxwell very dimly, and soon saw clearly, and said to Mr. Coxwell, "I have been insensible;" and he replied, "You have, and I nearly."
I recovered quickly, and Mr. Coxwell said, "I have lost the use of my hands; give me some brandy to bathe them." *His hands were nearly black.* I saw the temperature was still below zero, and the barometer reading 11 inches, but increasing quickly. I resumed my observations at 2h. 7m., recording the barometer reading 11.53 inches, and the temperature minus 2 degs. I then found that the water in the vessel supplying the wet-bulb thermometer, which I had by frequent disturbances kept from freezing, was one solid mass of ice. Mr. Coxwell then told me that while in the ring he felt it piercingly cold, that hoar frost was all around the neck of the balloon, and on attempting to leave the ring he found his hands frozen, and he got down how he could; that he found me motionless, with a quiet and pleasant expression on the countenance. He spoke to me without eliciting a reply, and found I was insensible.

THE AERONAUT'S EXPEDIENT.

He then said he felt insensibility was coming over himself; that he became anxious to open the valve; that his hands failed him; and that *he seized the line between his teeth, and pulled the valve open until the balloon took a turn downward.* This act is quite characteristic of Mr. Coxwell. I have never yet seen him without a ready means of meeting every difficulty as it has arisen, with a cool self-possession that has always left my mind perfectly easy, and given to me every confidence in his judgment in the management of so large a balloon.
Mr. Glaisher is convinced that the balloon containing only himself and the aeronaut Coxwell) finally reached an altitude of *over six miles*, but of this he is not positive, as his ability to read the instruments ceased at the height of five and three quarter miles. On this point, he says:
On asking Mr. Coxwell whether he had noticed the temperature, he said he could not, as the faces of the instruments were all toward me, but that he had noticed that the centre of the aneroid barometer, its blue hand, and a spot attached to the car were in the same straight line. If so, the reading must have been between seven and eight inches. A height of six miles and a half corresponds to eight inches. A delicate self-registering *minimum* thermometer reads minus 12 deg.; but unfortunately I did not read it till I was out of the car, and I cannot say that its index was not disturbed.

THE DESCENT.

The account of the descent is equally interesting. Mr. Glasher says:
On descending, when the temperature rose to 17 deg. it was remarked as warm, and at 24 deg. it was noted as very warm. The temperature then gradually increased to 57½ deg. on reaching the earth. It was remarked that the sand was quite warm to the hand, and steam issued from it when it was discharged. Six pigeons were taken up. One was thrown out at the height of three miles. It extended its wings, and dropped as a piece of paper. A second, at four miles, flew vigorously round and round, apparently taking a great delight in time. A third was thrown out between four and five miles, and it fell downward. A fourth was thrown out at four miles when we were descending. It flew in a circle, and shortly after alighted on the top of the balloon. The two remaining pigeons were brought down to the ground; one was found to be dead, and the other (a carrier) had attached to its neck a note, but it would not, however, leave, and when jerked off the ring continued to the hand. After a quarter of an hour it began to peck a piece of ribbon encircling its neck, and I then jerked it off my finger, and it flew round two or three times with vigor, and finally toward Wolverhampton. Not one, however, had returned there when I left on the afternoon of the 6th.

INFERENCES.

It would seem from this ascent, that five miles from the earth is very nearly the limit of human existence. It is possible, as the effect of each high ascent upon myself has been different, that on another occasion I might be able to go higher; and it is possible that some persons may be able to exist with less air and bear a greater degree of cold; but still I think that prudence would say to all, whenever the barometer reading falls as low as 11 inches, open the valve at once; the increased information to be obtained is not commensurate with the increased risk.
During the ascent Mr. Glaisher attempted to take a photograph of the scene below, which he described as being very beautiful, but the immense velocity of the balloon during the ascent rendered this impossible.
The London Times, commenting upon this perilous enterprise, observes:
The aerial voyage just performed by Mr. Coxwell and Mr. Glaisher, deserves to rank with the greatest feats of our experimentalizers, discoverers and travellers. It is true these gentlemen have not brought down a very comfortable or inspiring report of the upper world into which they have penetrated. Science and poetry are unhappily rather at variance upon the subject of the air and the sky. Poetry paints upward to the sky with glowing rapture as the scene of brightness and glory, and a residence there figures as the reward of heroism and greatness. Everything is happy and splendid that is connected with the sky. But science penetrates with its material eye into these vast upper spaces, and simply reports a great difficulty of breathing there; that the blood stagnates, the limbs become benumbed, the senses evaporate, and nature faints in unconsciousness. The very birds will not fly in that very sky which is their poetical home.
The distinction is that poetry looks up to the sky from below, and science examines and feels it on a level. The sky is the emblem of poetry—the fact of science. Both aspects of it are equally true, but the point of view from which they are taken is quite different. But, though our recent explorers of the sky do not add to its brilliancy as a picture, they have furnished one more striking and impressive scene to the history of science. They have shown what enthusiasm science can inspire and what courage it can give. If the man, as the poet says, had need of "triple steel about his breast" who first launched a boat into the sea, certainly those had no less need of it who first floated in the air six miles above the surface of the earth.

RELEASED FROM FORT LAFAYETTE—Geo. U. Porter, Esq., secretary of the Board of Trade, Baltimore, arrested three and a half months ago, and confined in Fort Lafayette on the charge of treason, was released on his parole on Saturday and reached his home in Baltimore city on Sunday. S. J. Cox and Jacob Klassen, also confined in Fort Lafayette, were released on Friday last and have reached this city.

LOVE AND LUNACY.

[The following love songs were written by an inmate of the Utica Lunatic Asylum. They are about as absurd as some of the poems written by college students:]

Gaily the tiger cat tuned his guitar,
Serenading the magpie with feathers and tar;
Sweetly he sneezed at her, sourly he sighed,
"Lady bird, lady bird, will be my bride?"
She for the elephant sadly had pined,
Ate but an ox, and then vowed she hadn't dined;
Carried a photograph close to her heart,
Wrapped up in lobsters, bank notes and plum tart.
At midnight the rivals met in the whale,
And fought by the light of the grasshopper's tail;
The elephant stood on his trunk to tail breadth,
And the tiger-cat cosily hugged him to death.
Then with a cabbage stalk boldly he wrote:
"Come, love, and tread on the tail of my coat.
See thy own crocodile whistling for thee." He groaned—gave a gurgle—a cold corpse was.

Lively, lovely Isaline,
Dancing o'er the moon so green,
Freckled is thy now black hair,
Sparkling through the spangled air.
While their harps the dolphins play,
Lo! thou skimm'st the milky way;
Wilt thou be the mackerel's queen?
Lovely, lovely Isaline!

Blighted, plighted Isaline!
Mournful croak the cats serene;
Howl the gold fish, mew the frogs,
Weep the shrimps, and purr the dogs;
All thy pets with rapture say,
"Our lady will be wed to-day."
But canst thou love a fish so green,
Blighted, plighted Isaline?

Twinkle, twinkle little girl,
How thy nose is out of curl!
Up above the chin so high,
Like a lamp-post in the sky.
When the verdant sun has gone,
And the stars their hair have done,
We will hire a lawyer's dray
And gallop over the sea so gay.
Then will feast on codfin chops,
Peagreen prawns, and lollipops;
Hunt the skipper, catch the croup
And fill our shoes with myrtle soup.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Cure for the Toothache.

Beauty has charms. So it has, almost equal to music. It may soothe a savage breast, did soothe, or charm, a German music teacher one day last week. He was charmed with the beauty of a lady, bright as a star—lovely as those who dwell beyond, or in the shining orbs. He saw, and she conquered. He saw her in the street, and followed. Other poodles have done the same. She entered a store—so did he. Not because he wanted to buy goods, but he thought an opportunity might occur for him to speak music to her, or hear the music of her speech. Oh, what a voice!—more sweet than his own fiddle; and its tones vibrated to the very bottom of his lager beer barrel. And her smile—it struck him to the heart, for he thought she smiled upon him. Perhaps she did. We smiled at a bigger fool in the circus the other night. She looked at silks—he tried to suit himself with a new pair of gloves. Both were hard to suit, and time sped. At length she left, and took a stage for her home up town. He took the same mode of getting away from his home, and went up by the same conveyance, without any definite place in view at which he should pull the strap. He waited patiently for the lady to give the first pull. She got out, and entered a brown stone front. He noted the spot, and ended his ride at the next corner, and came back and looked up to the cold walls, and thought—yes, he thought of the warm heart within, and the sweet face that smiled—was it at or for him?

"Hope told a flattering tale,"

and he thought if he could only enter that portal, he could win in the citad